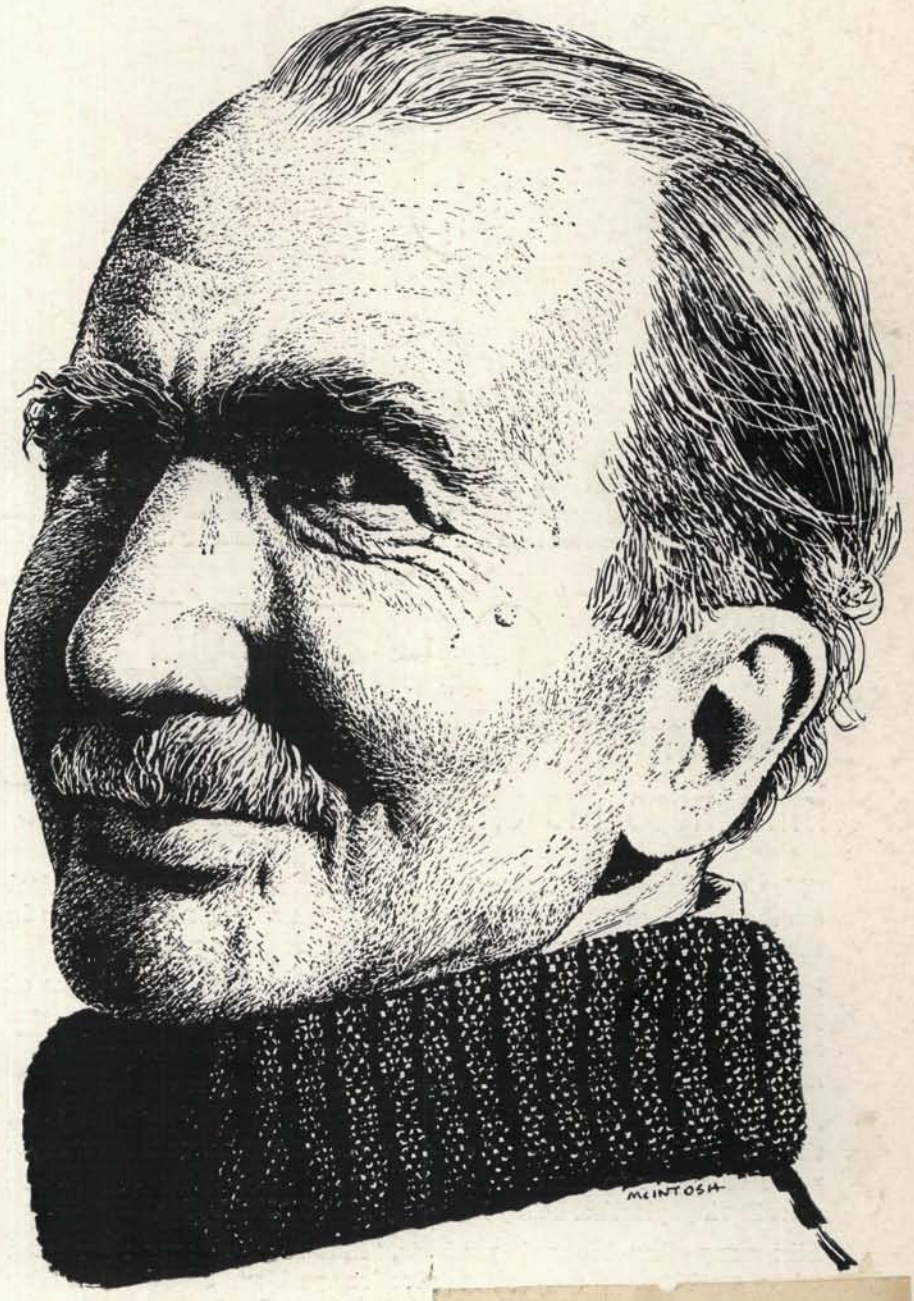
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 13, 1958 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

A COSMIC CHRISTMAS CAROL By Gardner Murphy



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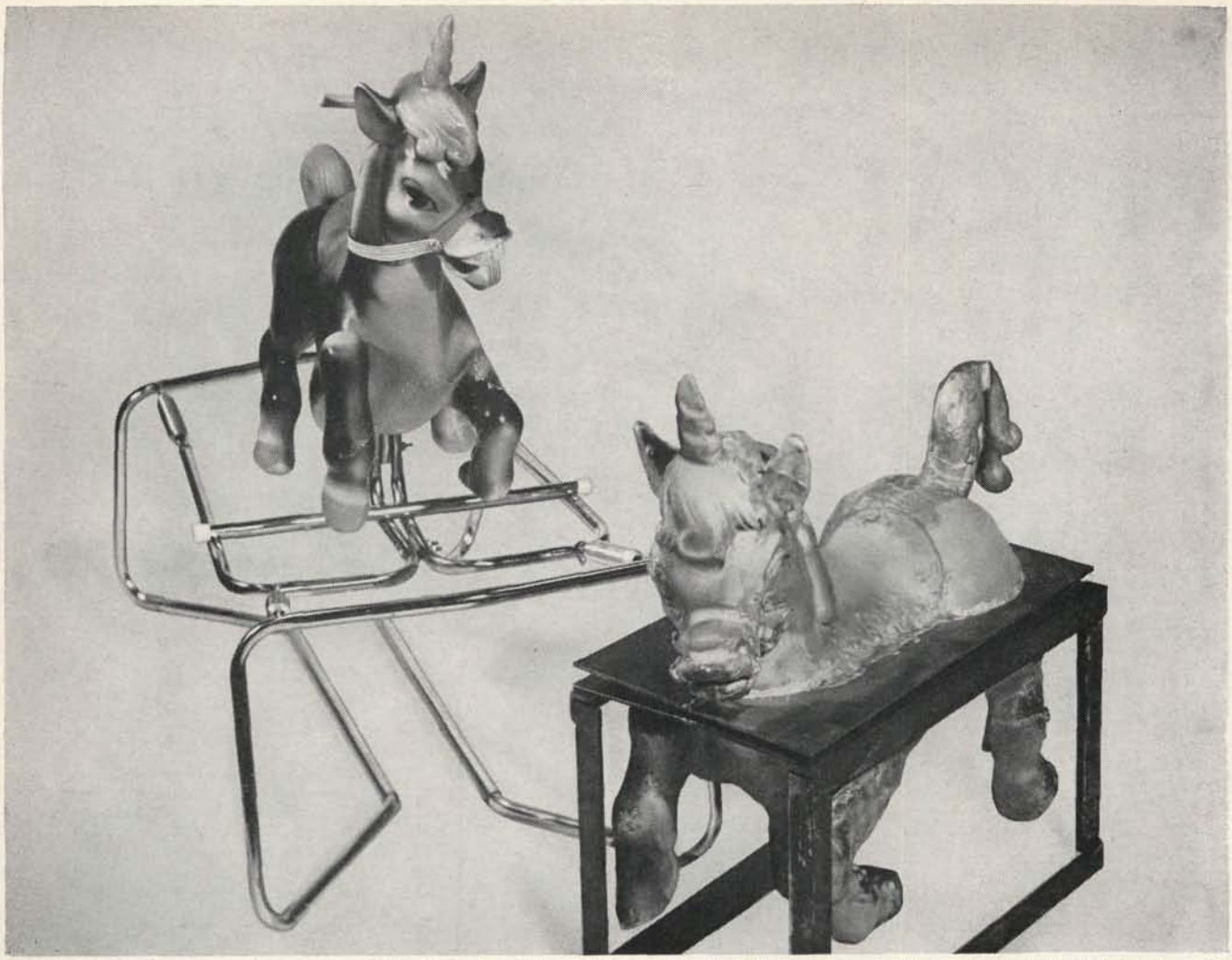

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Saturday Review

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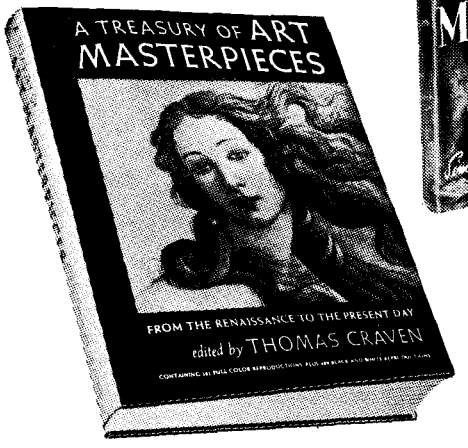

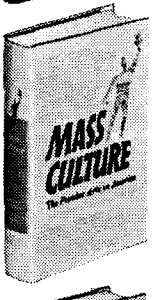

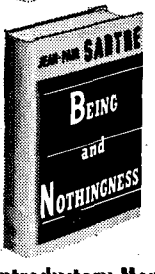

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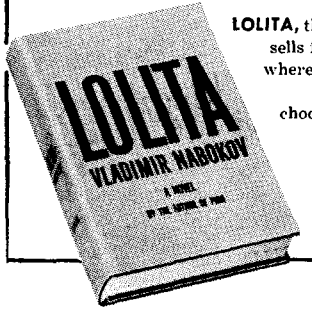

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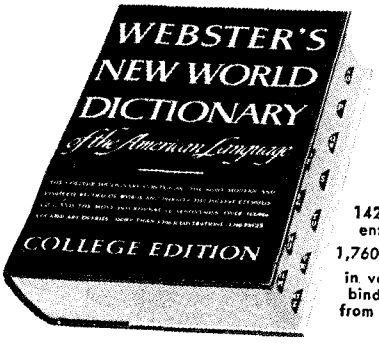

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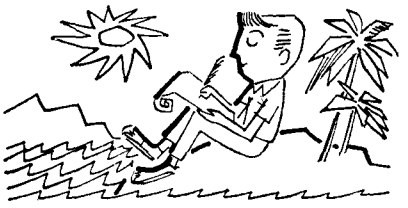
TRADE Winds

I DON'T KNOW WHERE that fellow Capote is now. Maybe he's still hiding out in the Aegean Sea on the little island of Hydros, where he hied to last summer a few days after he complained to me:

"There are only a few magazines



left where you can publish serious writing and be paid for it." He was referring to the fact that *Harper's Bazaar* had just suddenly yanked "Breakfast at Tiffany's" from the July issue because Capote wouldn't make some requested changes in it. (*Esquire* finally published it, as is.)

Maybe Truman is back in his New York apartment. He's writing something—on ruled, yellow paper with a quill pen, I imagine. I don't know. I do know I am grateful to Random House for publishing "Breakfast," because they included in the volume a trio of Capote's short stories. I mean, you go ahead and read the title novel, all about Holly Golightly and her escapades. But the last few pages in the book are the ones for me. They contain a piece called "A Christmas Memory," a beautiful tale of a Christmastime twenty years ago with only two characters, really, a boy and an old woman. They make some fruitcakes. They go into the woods and come back with a tree.

That's about all there is to it. After all, it isn't 896 pages long; not even twenty. But what a story! You are in that kitchen and you smell it. You struggle through the woods with that tree. You, too, are frightened when you first meet Mr. Haha Jones, the scarred bootlegger, a giant with "Satan-tilted eyes." I'm not going to tell you why Mr. Haha Jones turns out to be "a lovely man," nor to whom the fruitcakes are given, nor what happens to the old lady. I just hope you've been good enough this year to deserve finding a copy of the book under your tree. If not, pray that someone will read "A Christmas Memory" to you.

ANOTHER OLD-FASHIONED storyteller, Harnett Kane, has helped keep old Christmases alive with his new, twentieth book, "The Southern Christmas Book" (McKay). It is subtitled, "The full story from earliest times to present: people, customs, conviviality, carols, cooking." If you think that covers a lot of ground, you are absolutely right, Virginia to Texas and everything in between. I think the recipes are most unusual, particularly the one that Martha Washington used when she made her "Great Cake." It starts out, "Take forty eggs . . ."

Kane ate himself across the South, doing this book, collecting fifteen pounds extra as well as a lot of fascinating anecdotes and stories. Then, as the book was published, he went on his customary autographing and lecturing trip, losing twelve pounds undergoing that ordeal. He writes a book a year: eight months of intensive work, three months of rest in Europe, Mexico or someplace, one month lecturing, appearing on radio, television. Because of the subject matter, he got his first Christmas present October 19, a necktie, from an admirer. So far he has received eight neckties, four stickpins, two pints of whiskey, and one fifty-pound box of chocolates.

"And," he grins, "I am up to my ears in turkey and sage dressing. But it's worth it. I make these tours on nearly every book. It sells books, and I get ideas. Sooner or later someone will come along with some material I can use. This time a lady gave me her grandmother's letters, which will be a part of the next book I do. Of course, there is always someone who carries a large manuscript and asks me how to get it published. But, anyway, I'm an extrovert and I enjoy meeting people and seeing all my old friends as I travel."

Sometimes Kane does meet a little resistance. A few week ago he was lecturing in a dry Southern county and he told an eggnog story which is

in "The Southern Christmas Book." Afterwards an elderly lady approached him and said,

"Mister Kane, Ah was displeased with your talk."

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"I'm sorry," Kane replied. "Why?"

"You mentioned whiskey, suh, and you failed to denounce it strongly."

That was one Southern custom that Harnett Kane had forgotten about.

A FRIEND OF MINE bought a second-hand car, and it turned out to have no pep at all. He finally was so exasperated he complained to the used-car salesman.

"Say," he cried, "this lemon won't even climb a hill and you swore up and down it was a good car!"

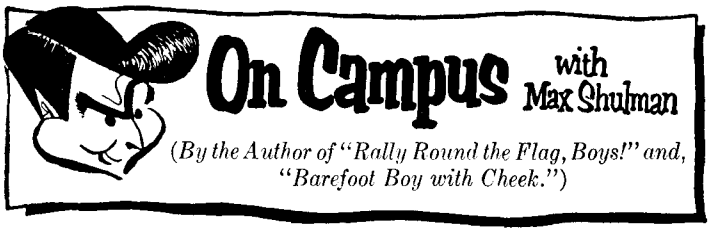
"I did not," replied the salesman quietly. "I said on the level it was a good car."

HOW CAN THEY MISS? UPA is doing a version of "A Christmas Carol." Ronald Searle is hard at work on the art. Christopher Fry is writing the dialogue. Leonard Bernstein has the music assignment. Alec Guinness will narrate.

David Hales, who just returned from a business trip to England for the British Book Centre (who else could spell it that way?), reports that the Searles have had a fight with the Paddington Council, the governing body of the London county in which they reside. And Ronnie and his wife, Kaye Webb, think they won.

They live on a cozy little one-way crescent, where only about one car can fit at a time. It was lighted by a delightful old-fashioned gas-lamp, which the Paddington Council decided to replace with a modern, glaring fluorescent monstrosity. The battle over this one light was fought mightily but the council was victorious. The old gas-lamp was removed. Whereupon Kaye Webb purchased it for five pounds and had it moved a few feet onto her own property. Now when you approach their home you are blinded by the ugly yellow street light, but you step into the Searles' garden and there is the wonderful, ancient gas lamp, burning quaintly, commemorating the foolishness of the Paddington County Council.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER has a peculiar football team. Most of the men on the squad of twenty-eight hold scholarships. Not athletic scholarships, which are not given by that institution, but honest-to-goodness scholarships. Four of them were won in a



THE DATING SEASON

I have recently returned from a tour of 950,000 American colleges where I made a survey of undergraduate dating customs and sold Zorro whips. I have tabulated my findings and I am now prepared to tell you the simple secret of successful dating.

The simple secret is simply this: A date is successful when the man knows how to treat the girl.

And how does a girl like to be treated? If you want to know, read and remember these four cardinal rules of dating:

1. A girl likes to be treated with respect.

When you call for your girl, do not drive up in front of the sorority house and yell, "Hey, fat lady!" Get out of your car. Walk respectfully to the door. Knock respectfully. When your girl comes out, tug your forelock and say respectfully, "Good evening, Your Honor." Then offer her a Marlboro, for what greater respect can you show your girl than to offer Marlboro with its fine flavor and new improved filter? It will indicate immediately that you respect her taste, respect her discernment, respect her intelligence. So, good buddies, before going out on a date, always remember to buy some Marlboros, now available in soft pack or flip-top box at your friendly vending machine.

2. A girl likes a good listener.

Do not monopolize the conversation. Let her talk while you listen attentively. Make sure, however, that she herself is not a good listener. I recollect a date I had once with a coed named Greensleeves Sigafoos, a lovely girl, but unfortunately a listener, not a talker. I too was a listener so we just sat all night long, each with his hand cupped over his ear, straining to catch a word, not talking hour after hour until finally a policeman came by and arrested us both for vagrancy. I did a year and a day. She got by with a suspended sentence because she was the sole support of her aged housemother.

3. A girl likes to be taken to nice places.

By "nice" places I do not mean expensive places. A girl does not demand luxury. All she asks is a place that is pleasant and gracious. The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, for example. Or Mount Rushmore. Or the Taj Mahal. Or the Bureau of Weights and Measures. Find places like these to take your girl. In no circumstances must you take her to an oil-cracking plant.

4. A girl likes a man to be well-informed.

Come prepared with a few interesting facts that you can drop casually into the conversation. Like this: "Did you know, Snookiepuss, that when cattle, sheep, camels, goats, antelopes, and other members of the cud-chewing family get up, they always get up hind legs first?" Or this: "Are you aware, Hotlips, that corn grows faster at night?" Or this: "By the way, Loverhead, Oslo did not become the capital of Norway till July 11, 1924."

If you can slip enough of these nuggets into the conversation before dinner, your date will grow too torpid to eat. Some men save up to a half-million dollars a year this way.

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* * *

To the list of things girls like, add Philip Morris Cigarettes. Girls, men—everybody, in fact, likes mild, natural Philip Morris, co-sponsors with Marlboro of this column.

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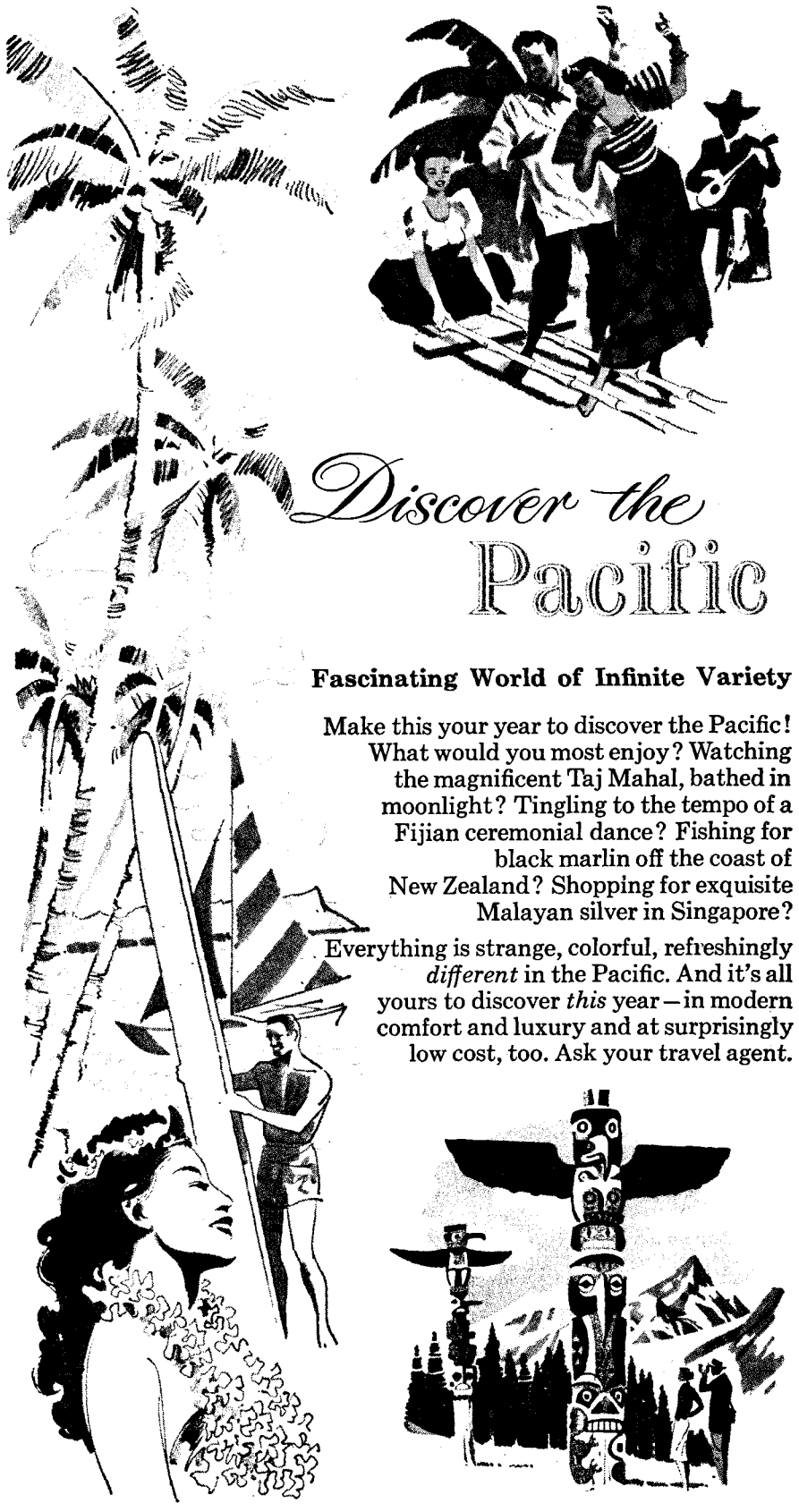

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national competition of the Navy Reserve Officers Training Corps. Eight of them are New York State Regents competitive scholarships. Ten players won University of Rochester scholarships, and five of these had been in the top five per cent of their high scho ratings; the others were in the t third. Two of these fellows have since lost their scholarships because their marks fell too low.

Another peculiar thing about the University of Rochester team is that in their eight games this season they rolled up 257 points to their opponents' 19, finishing the season unbeaten and untied, proving that these boys have a thinking man's taste for football.

FROM EMMA LAWTON of Lima, Pennsylvania, comes an account of a strange conversation with a doctor. She was in a semi-private room and could hear the intern taking the case history and examining a newly arrived patient.

"Have you had any operations?" the intern asked.

"Yes, five, the first was for appendicitis."

Then followed a complete questioning regarding this first surgery—when, what age, what hospital, complications, etc.

"Okay," the intern finally said. "Now, these other four operations were they done for any particula reason?"

BOB SACHS, of Harpers, reports that he met a girl who just resigned her job as a clerk in a midtown book store. "It gets so crowded around this time of year," she declared. "I can't stand it." Sachs diagnosed it as a case of santaclaustrophobia.

MRS. AARON STOOKEY had a terrible experience last week when she attended one of those horror-movie double features. A teenager sitting directly behind her tapped her on the shoulder and intoned, "Pardon me, madam would you please remove your head.'

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1289)

MAXWELL:
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Whoever coined the phrase "cocktail hour" should have lived longer "Come for cocktails," say the invitations, "six to eight." . . . And the marathon is on. But not at six. Perhaps they are wiser than I give them credit for, but no one is ever on time, either to arrive or leave.

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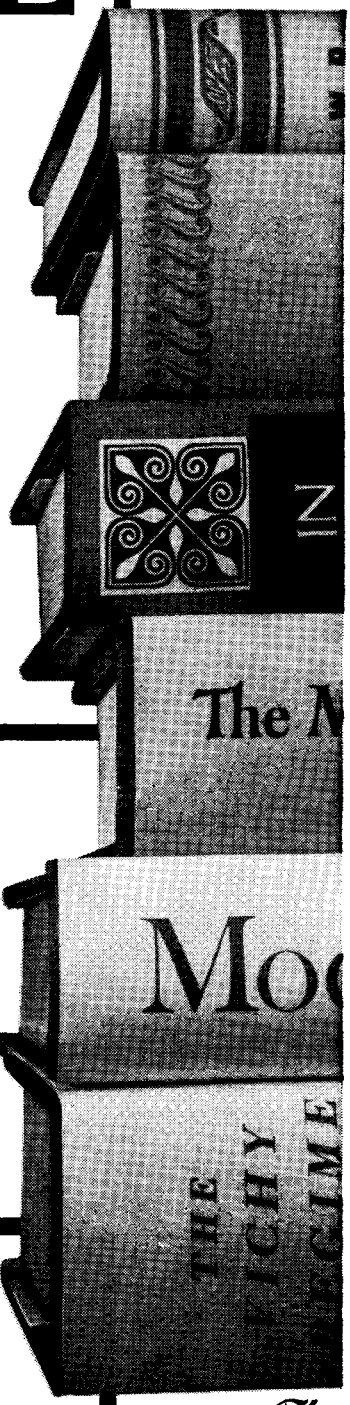

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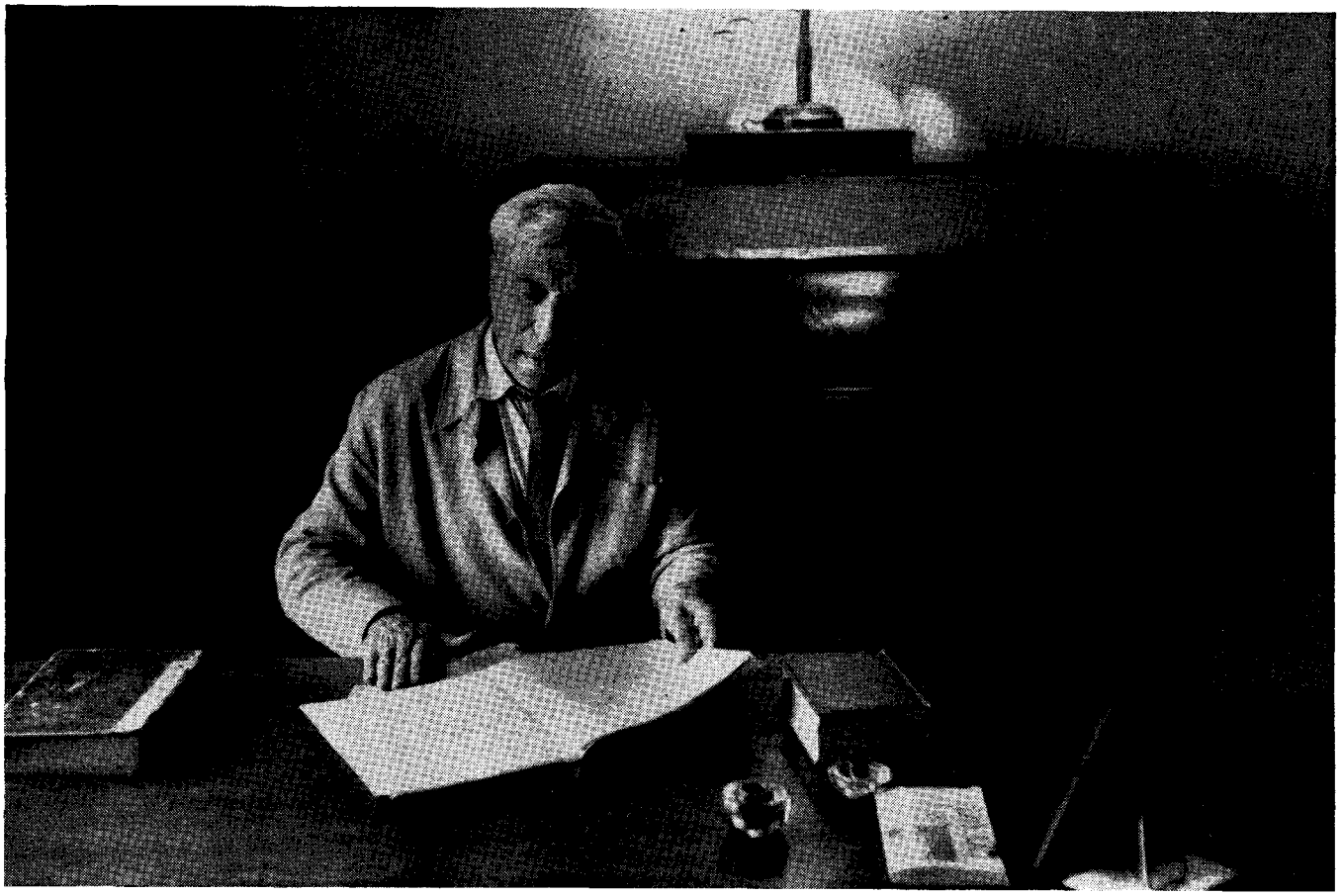

—Jerry Cooke.

Pasternak's "The High Malady"

INTRODUCTION BY ROBERT PAYNE

IN THE winter of 1917 Boris Pasternak arrived in St. Petersburg from the town in the Urals where he had spent the war years as a factory worker. He had written little during the war—a few verses and four short stories later collected together under the title "Aerial Ways"—and only one of his books had been published previously, the slim volume of verses called "A Twin in the Clouds," which appeared in Moscow in 1914. He was unknown, except to a small circle of acquaintances who regarded him as a promising pianist who had studied under Scriabin, or as a promising philosopher who had studied Kant at the University of Marburg. But during the war he had lost all interest in music and philosophy. When he arrived in St. Petersburg, he had already made his resolve: he would be a poet, or nothing.

Those who knew him speak of a dedication to poetry so strong that he seemed to have no existence outside of poetry. He recited poetry like Yeats, in a deep and resonant incantatory voice, shaking with emotion. He wrote once: "Even if I had never been born, it is inconceivable to me that my poems would not have come into existence." It was not only that he was the dedicated poet, but he saw himself even then as the poet of Russia, rooted in the land, as though that shamanistic voice which came from his throat was the voice of the Russian people and of the Russian earth.

In St. Petersburg he was inevitably caught up in the Bolshevik Revolution, for which he had very little sympathy and almost no understanding. Yet increasingly he became gripped by the spectacle of an entire civilization in convulsions. Today when we read accounts of the Russian Revolution we seem to be reading about an event as distant as the French Revolution: the pages are already frayed, and the yellow stains of age are everywhere. Pasternak wrote his own account of those days when men sat in huddled groups and talked—not of Lenin and the armed workmen from the Putilov factory—but of typhus, the cold winds coming down the streets, and the strange shuddering in the air.

IT WAS Pasternak's first encounter with politics, and characteristically it follows the lines of a sustained debate on the nature of poetry. Could a poet, in this age of torment, continue to enjoy "the high malady which is still called song"? He came perhaps inevitably to the conclusion that the song would remain, but its meaning

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and relevance would be utterly changed. Henceforward poetry was to be a more desperate, because a more straightened, and therefore more pitiable thing. Instead of the enchanting images of the Symbolists there would be images of gutters and water pipes, railways, the trickle of typhus in the streets. In this mood he composed his poem, which is at once a debate on the nature of poetry and an account of his journey from the south to the capital, where the Bolsheviks were in power. In the end, of course, the theories broke down; and the last verses of the poem, with their brilliant evocation of Lenin, not the familiar dog-eared Lenin of the history books, but Lenin seen through the eyes of a superbly gifted poet, give the lie to the theories. Confronted by Lenin, Pasternak wrote with a triumphant command of the rhetoric he may have despised, but which he employed with consummate effect.

"A man must be a witness to his time," Pasternak once wrote, and in "The High Malady" he showed, as he showed again in "Doctor Zhivago," that the testimor of the poets is still the most rewarding there is. It is a poem of amazing complexity, but uttered with the full breath, and of all his works it is the one which shows him most completely a man of his own time.

The High Malady

By BORIS PASTERNAK

THE moving riddle glitters,
The siege comes, the days pass,
Months and years pass away.
One fine day the pickets tell us
The stronghold has surrendered,
Unbelievably comes the roaring of the flames:
The vaults are blown up, and men search for the doorways:
Moving in, moving out—and the days pass,
Months and years pass away.
All the years pass into shadow:
The story of Troy is born.
Unbelievably comes the roaring of the flames.
Patiently they await the coming of the army.
They are grown weak and blind—the days pass,
And in the fortress the walls crumble into dust.

I am ashamed, every day more ashamed
That in an age of such shadows
A certain high malady
Is still called song.
Is this the time to demonstrate with noise—
Sounds so perilously assimilated with the earth:
Away from books, hurling herself
Onto the sharpness of bayonets?
Hell is paved with good intentions.
It is a current notion
That if your verses are paved with them
All your sins are forgiven:
All this wounds the ear of silence,
As it turns from the war,
And how acute are the ears of silence
They learned from the days of destruction.

During those days there fell on everyone
A lust for a story: and the winter nights
Were not weary of picking up lice,
As horses prick up their ears.
The ears of the silent darkness
Stirred, filled with snow,
And in the night we became fairy-tales,
Restless on the mint gingerbread of pillows.
In Spring a shudder seized upon
The upholstery of the theatre boxes.
February was poor and frowsy:
Often it would gurgle and spit
Blood, and then secretly whisper in the ears
Of a railway carriage about this or that:
The journey, the sleepers, the thaw, everything else,
Or about how they walked away on foot from the front.
Already you sleep, you wait for death:
To the story-teller—a little grief.
In the slush of thawing galoshes
The clothes' bug gathers the lie
Which is entangled in truth,
And does not tire of pricking up its ears.

Although the thistle of dawn,
Trying to make its shadow as long as possible,
Lengthened with the same labor
The long-drawn hours,
Although, as of old, the road dragged the wheels
Through sand to the narrow pass,
And then bore them again on clayey soil,
And drew them into the distance,
Although the vault of autumn, as before,
Was cloudy and the forest distant,
And the evening cold and covered with haze,
It was still a forgery.

And the sleep of the earth caught napping
Was like a child's convulsions,
Like death, like the shadow of a grave,
Like that peculiar stillness
Which sleeps, when the whole country is muffled,
Shuddering and every now and then
Trying to remember: What is it
I wanted to say?

Although, as before, the ceiling,
The support of the new room,
Carried the second floor to the third
And the fifth to the sixth,
Suggesting by the regular alternation of layers
That everything in the world was unchanged,
Yet this too was a forgery:
And the waterpipes
Sucked the distress of those days
As they climbed upwards:
And the smell of chop-suey and laurel
Burned in the smoke of newspapers.
Standing upright in the air, it seemed to say:
Wait a moment!
What did I want to eat before?

So, crawling like a hungry tapeworm
From the second floor to the third,
And creeping from the fifth to the sixth,
It glorified strength and stagnation,
And proclaimed that tenderness was forbidden:
Yet what should we do? Every sound disappeared
Behind the rumble of overgrown skies.
This rumble, falling on the railway station,
Disappeared behind the water-tower
And was thence borne beyond the forests—
The embankments shone like gashes,
And the snowdrifts beat up and down

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Like pumps, there among the pines.
And the rails grew blind and began to itch
As soon as they touched the snowstorm.

So the fool, the hero, the intellectual,
Coming from behind into the glow of legends,
Into the flaming decrees and posters,
Blazing with the glory of the dark forces
Which stealthily like a smile
Mock at him because of his exploits,
Or perhaps because
It is not immediately apparent
That twice two is a hundred:
Coming from behind into the glow of legends
The idealist intellectual
Prints and writes posters
On the beauty of his own sunset.

Muffled in a warm coat the hack
Looks back towards the dimming north:
The snow competes in diligence
With the death which ceases only at dusk.
There like an organ with mirrors of ice
The railway station flashes its riddle,
And does not close its eyes,
But lives on with its misery,
Competing in its wild beauty
With the emptiness of conservatories.

On rest-days and holidays
The insufferable horror of typhus
Quietly embraces our knees,
And dreams and shudders at
The motionless songs
Of the crumbling of thrones:
And there comes from the hollow organ,
Like dust in the seams
Of the organ's furry skirt,
The song of decay:
The exacting ear
Still entreats the mist and the ice
And the pools lying on the earth
To be as silent as possible.

We were like this music on the ice:
I speak of my companions
With whom I intended to leave the stage,
And with whom I shall still leave it.
There is no place here for shame:
I was not born to look three times in different ways.
More equivocal than any song
Is the stupid word "enemy."
I travel. In every world
The high malady travels.
All my life I wanted to be like others,
But the age in its beauty
Is stronger than my whimpering cry,
And wants to be like me.

We are the music of tea-cups,
Going out to drink tea in the darkness
Of the voiceless forests, of oblique habits
And secrets which flattered no one.
The forest crackled: the fine weather was
Held in suspense: the jackdaws wheeled:
The ice-cold year stood ashamed at the gates.
We are the music of the thought
Which outwardly remained within its logical frame,
But which was precisely the cold turning to ice
On the dirty stairs of the courtyard.

I attended the Ninth Congress of the Soviets:
In the liquid twilight I visited twenty people
Before I could get there,
And I cursed life, cursed pavements,
And on the second day, I remember,
On the very day of the triumph
I went in bewildered excitement to the theatre
With a pass for the stalls:
I went soberly by sober roads,
Looked around; and I saw—
It was as though everything was burned to the ground,
As though nothing would ever rise from those walls.

There was, for example, the Carelian question*
Uttered in all the newspapers, looking down,
Provoking response from the sick eyes of birch-trees.
On the cross-bars of telegraph poles
The snow lay in thick ribbons,
And the wintry day came to an end
In the outline of branches.
Not only for itself, but in answer to
A demand. At this very moment
The story of the Congress
Seemed to be the moral of a fantastic painting.

HOW shall I conclude my fragment?
I remember his voice which pierced
The nape of my neck with flames,
Like the rustle of globe-lightning.
Everyone stood. Everyone was vainly
Ransacking that distant table with his eyes:
And then he emerged on the tribune,
Emerged even before he entered the room,
And came sliding, leaving no wake
Through barriers of helping hands and obstacles,
Like the leaping ball of a storm
Flying into a room without smoke.

The thunderous ovation
Came as a relief, as the explosion of a cannonball
Which cannot not burst: all obstacles falling away.
And he spoke. We remember and honor
The memory of those who have fallen.
But I think of their transiency. What was there
In this moment which bound itself for ever to him alone?

He was like the thrust of a rapier.
Hunting after the last spoken word
He drew his sharp line, opening his coat
And putting forth the uppers of his boots.
The words might have been about gasoline,
But the curve of his body breathed
With the soaring flight of the bare essential
As it tears through a senseless layer of lies.
And his harsh voice,
Which everyone heard too well,
Had been traced by the blood of history.

He was the face which spoke to them:
When he appealed to the facts,
He knew that when he rinsed his mouth
With the momentum of his voice,
History was pouring through him.
And now, although without familiarity,
And feeling more at ease with her than with anyone else,
He was intimate only with history,
Envious only of the envy of the centuries,
Jealous of their single jealousy.
So he governed the stream of thought,
And became the government of his country.

—TRANSLATED BY ROBERT PAYNE.

*In 1917 the rights of the Carelian minorities were being hotly discussed by the Bolsheviks. Carelia is famous for its birch trees.

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From the Heights a Downpour of Light

"Selected Writings," by Boris Pasternak; *translated by Beatrice Scott, Robert Payne, Babette Deutsch, and C. M. Bowra (New Directions. 286 pp. Paper, $1.35), is a new edition of the author's poetry, short stories, and autobiographical pieces. The collection is discussed by Marc Slonim, critic and teacher, who is the author of "Modern Russian Literature from Chekhov to the Present" and other studies.*

By Marc Slonim

SOME three decades before "Doctor Zhivago" sprang into prominence, Boris Pasternak had been acclaimed, by a small but influential group of admirers, as the greatest poet of the Russian post-revolutionary era. Even the Communist critics could not deny his extraordinary craftsmanship and the power of his voice. Pasternak's poetry absorbed many elements of the Symbolist and Futurist movements of 1910-1922 but in the Thirties it asserted itself as highly original. Intent on his inner world, Pasternak projected his emotions and ideas through an unusual association of images in lyrics which blended a subjective and often highly philosophical vision of reality with verbal perfection and bold use of vocabulary. Pasternak appeared much more as a pathfinder and a source of inspiration and imitation for other poets than as a follower of a tradition or as a mere representative of literary fashions.

His collections of poems—"Above the Barriers," "Life," "My Sister," "Themes and Variations," "The Second Birth"—as well as his prose pieces, assured him a somewhat special and isolated position in Soviet letters. The Communists demanded a functional kind of poetry within the pattern of politically conscious, educational, and didactic art addressed to the masses. Pasternak refused to follow the designated way. "In the era of rapid tempos one should think and write slowly," he retorted in 1932 to the promoters of topical poetry. He also abstained from political rhetoric and from any comment on social changes.

His official detractors censured him as a "decadent formalist" and exposed his alienation from the masses by quoting his famous lines: "With a muffler around my throat, shielding myself with the palm of my hand, I call out in the courtyard—'children, what millennium are we celebrating there?'"

IN "Safe Conduct," his autobiography (written in 1931), which forms the largest portion of the recently reprinted "Selected Writings," he says that art is concerned not with man but with the image of man: "the image of man as it becomes apparent, is greater than man . . . focused on a reality which feeling has displaced, art is a record of this displacement . . . the direct speech of feeling is allegorical and cannot be replaced by anything."

The impressive enchantment of Pasternak's art consists precisely of his capacity to displace shapes, categories, images, and events, and to create a poetic reality in which the phenomena of *this* world are simply a pliable material for transformation and transposition. In the same way physical and spiritual levels, nature and history, everyday occurrences and imaginative flights are considered and treated as mere aspects of one and the same unity. Whatever Pasternak chooses to draw into the field of his vision is suddenly revealed and illuminated by a powerful beam of emotion. Pasternak's friend, Marina Tsvetaieva, another great Russian poet of the Twenties and Thirties, defined his poetry as "a downpour of light."

These characteristics of Pasternak are present in his early prose writings (1918-1931), which are all included in the New Directions timely reprint (with the exception of one tale now appearing in the first issue of the *Noonday Review*). They offer the reader the opportunity to compare them with "Doctor Zhivago" and to trace back many ideas and techniques that have delighted, startled,

(*Continued on page* 37)

—*Jerry Cooke.*

Boris Pasternak: "With a muffler around my throat . . . I call out in the courtyard—'children, what millennium are we celebrating there?'"

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The Stakes and Perils of Dalliance with War

By ELMO ROPER

DURING the most recent "crisis" in the Formosa Straits some "authoritative"—and conflicting—statements were made about the readiness of the American public to go to war over two small islands a few miles off the China coast. President Eisenhower expressed his confidence that the public was ready to "unite as one" behind a war to keep Quemoy and Matsu out of Communist hands. On the other hand, Senator Green, chairman of the Senate's powerful Foreign Relations Committee, expressed his conviction that "such an involvement would not command the support of the American people." What had the public itself to say on this grave matter? It can be definitely stated that, however the public may have responded to a war after it had broken out, the American people were, *before the fact,* overwhelmingly opposed to going to war over Quemoy and Matsu. A national cross section responded to this question: "Which of these statements comes closest to expressing what you think U. S. policy should be toward the Chinese Nationalists?"

We should fight if necessary to help the Chinese Nationalists keep control of the off-shore islands of Quemoy and Matsu 16%

We should not fight over Quemoy and Matsu, but we should fight if necessary to help the Chinese Nationalists hold on to Formosa 20%

We should continue giving the Chinese Nationalists arms and material but we should not let our troops get involved in fighting there 32%

We should stop supporting the Chinese Nationalists altogether 15%

Express no opinion 17%

The public seldom speaks as clearly and as firmly on an issue as they have spoken on the issue of a fight over Quemoy and Matsu. As Vice President Nixon has pointed out, national policy cannot be decided solely on the basis of public-opinion polls. But neither should it be decided, in a democracy, in ignorance of that opinion.

What is the public's picture of Chiang Kai-shek, in whose interests so much has been risked? Do they see him as a martyred hero, driven off the mainland by a failure in American support, or do they see him as a discredited ruler who lost China primarily because the Chinese people themselves, preferring any alternative to the corruption of the Kuomintang, offered no serious resistance to Communist forces? Here the answers are not so clear cut. Forty-one per cent say they have a high opinion of Chiang; 32 per cent say their opinion is not so high. What of the Nationalists' chances to return to the mainland, by force or any other means? On this there is more agreement, and a good measure of realism, with 53 per cent calling a Nationalist return to mainland power "unlikely" and only 21 per cent seeing it as a realistic possibility. Thus, the general public is willing to support Chiang, up to a point, but not because most people entertain any extravagant notions about his political future. However, this did not stop 49 per cent of the public from approving the President's handling of foreign affairs, at a time when he was advocating a more militant policy, with only 28 per cent expressing disapproval, giving one more example of the public's separation of the President from his acts.

Actually, beneath this overall pattern of public opinion at least two distinct currents of thought were operating. For the vast majority of the public, opposition to a fight in the Formosa Straits was a quick instinctive reaction, based on little or no knowledge of the actual situation. That portion of the public who were hazy on what islands were being bombarded and who also were unable to name the Secretary of Defense were strongly—and perhaps understandably—opposed to fighting for islands they could not name. They also had little criticism of Eisenhower's foreign policy—and, presumably, little acquaintance with it as well. All in all, a rather incoherent and largely emotional body of opinion which might be disregarded except for one thing: the basic emotion underlying these opinions is the horror of war, which is probably the strongest and most valid human emotion of our time.

A rather different train of thought was evident among people with at least enough knowledge of foreign affairs to know that Neil McElroy was Secretary of Defense and also know the name of one of the disputed islands. This small group, roughly one fifth of the people interviewed, had a poorer opinion of Chiang and his chances than the less informed group, but they were more willing to go to his aid. Yet even among this more informed group, only 25 per cent thought Quemoy and Matsu worth our fighting for. The real issue, for this group, apparently revolves not around Chiang, but around the proper way to handle the Chinese Communists, and the choice is whether or not to commit our troops to the defense of Formosa—not the offshore islands. Among this group the idea of fighting, if necessary, at least for Formosa (to whose defense we are pledged by treaty) has a slight edge over the firm opposition to U. S. troop involvement. Approval of Eisenhower's handling of foreign affairs also has a slight edge. But the margins are small, too small to be any indication of which side has chosen the wiser course.

In the last few years, we have twice come to the brink of war in the Formosa Straits over issues that are unclear to many Americans and unworthy of a fight to many others. It is perhaps too much to expect, in the midst of crisis, a clear and deliberate weighing of the stakes and perils that such dalliance with war involves. It is surely not too much to expect that now, when the pressure has subsided, this appraisal — or reappraisal — be made. War would in any case be a disastrous eventuality, but a war in the wrong place, over issues neither vital to this country nor understood by its citizens, would be a tragic outcome indeed.

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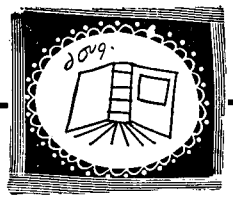

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Shape of a Career

By Granville Hicks

ACCORDING to Wright Morris in "The Territory Ahead," Henry James is the great exception to the rule that American novelists begin well and end disappointingly if not disastrously. James's showing would be impressive enough if there were only the twenty-six volumes of the New York edition, the work on which he rested his reputation. But there is much else, including a great deal of work that has only recently been collected. In almost every year from the publication of "A Passionate Pilgrim and Other Tales" in 1875 to the time of his death in 1916 James wrote the equivalent of three or four volumes. And even his most casual pieces are readable today.

The readability is extraordinary, but the quantity is not. Upton Sinclair, an equally voluminous but considerably less readable novelist, once pointed out that he could do a thousand words a day without half trying and that the result was some 300,000 words a year. There are people, of course, who do much more and do much worse, but the example of James indicates that, given the right man, quantity and quality are not incompatible.

Look at James's contemporary, whom he esteemed but present opinion mostly doesn't, William Dean Howells. Howells wrote books over a period of more than fifty years, and he wrote a lot of them. Not even the greatest enthusiast would maintain that everything he wrote can now be read with pleasure, but there is much that can be. He was slower than James to discover what he could do, and his most fruitful period did not begin until he was forty-five years old. Then, in little more than a decade, he wrote a dozen novels of great merit. If, thereafter, his powers fell off, as he himself felt, he continued to write and to write as well as he could, and his eightieth year saw the publication of one of his best books, "The Leatherwood God."

There are large differences of opinion about Howells's standing as a novelist, and it is possible to work up an argument about the relative merits of James's early, middle, and late periods. The only point I want to make at the moment is that both men had long and productive literary careers. Both worked steadily at the job of being a writer, and both wrote distinguished books late in life.

When we compare the careers of James and Howells with the careers of two important contemporary writers, Hemingway and Faulkner, we see significant differences. Hemingway published "In Our Time" in 1925, "The Torrents of Spring" and "The Sun Also Rises" in 1926, "Men Without Women" in 1927, and "A Farewell to Arms" in 1929. The Thirties, though less fertile, brought forth "Death in the Afternoon," "Winner Take Nothing," "The Green Hills of Africa," "To Have and Have Not," and "The Fifth Column," and in 1940 came "For Whom the Bell Tolls." But then there was a decade of silence, and since "Across the River and Into the Trees" appeared in 1950, we have had only a long short story, "The Old Man and the Sea," published in 1952. In the first twenty-four years of his writing career Hemingway has published thirteen books; in the corresponding period James published forty-two.

William Faulkner, whose career began at approximately the same time as Hemingway's, has been somewhat more prolific; he has published at least twenty books. His productivity, however, has been similarly erratic.

Nineteen-twenty-nine to 1932 were the marvelous years, the years of "The Sound and the Fury," "Sartoris," "As I Lay Dying," "Sanctuary," "These Thirteen," and "Light in August." The next decade was less prodigious, but it did give birth to ten volumes, including "Absalom, Absalom!," "The Hamlet," and "Go Down, Moses." But then there were six barren years, ending with the publication of "Intruder in the Dust" in 1948. Subsequently we have had two major works "A Fable" in 1954, and "The Town in 1957, and two or three minor ones. In spite of his initial outburst, Faulkner has not averaged a volume a year, whereas James averaged almost two.

Needless to say, there is no merit in the mere multiplication of books. Who would wish more books from any writer unless the books were good? On the other hand, we cannot take it for granted that low productivity is the secret of high quality; after all, both Hemingway and Faulkner did their best work in the years when they were most prolific. The question is neither how much nor how little an author writes but under what conditions he makes the best use of his talents.

How much an author writes and publishes depends in part on how he looks at the literary career, and the figures I have cited support the theory that Hemingway and Faulkner have quite a different idea of the literary life from that held by Howells and James. How Hemingway regards his career is indicated by his frequent comparison of it to the prize ring: he wants to be nothing less than "the champ"; he has "taken on" Turgenev, de Maupassant, and Stendhal; he is ready for all comers. Faulkner has been less explicitly competitive than Hemingway, perhaps because he was for years less conscious of himself as a figure in the world of letters. But his work has always given the impression that he was engaged in an obstacle race, and that is the point he seemed to be making when, in an interview, he placed Thomas Wolfe above all other contemporary novelists because he attempted the impossible.

The attitude of Howells and James was quieter. As they saw it, a writer wrote books, making them all as good as possible, and what he had in the end was a body of work. Both hoped and strove for improvement, but neither of them felt that he had to move from masterpiece to masterpiece, like a heavyweight beating one contender after another.

The economics of publishing today does not favor the Howells-James concept of a literary career. Since one big best-seller, one novel that hits the jackpot, can be more profitable than ten just moderately successful books, publishers don't want their more eminent authors to be

(*Continued on page* 38)

The Pond

By Stan Steiner

THE pond circled upon
My finger at the Pagoda
Of China, not far from
School.
The pebbles
Circled the Lily petals
Underwater as a thousand eyes
Of all the fish in China
As gold as fools.
The muted boy talked
Chinese from that day
To this, a language
Not even he understood.
I was that Chinese boy
In a truant park
Come home by dark
Dawn of another world.

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POETRY

The Seven Stages of the Soul

"The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel," by Nikos Kazantzakis; *translated into English hexameters by Kimon Friar (Simon & Schuster. 826 pp. $10), is a new sequence of the travels of Odysseus in which the poet constructs his own epic of the consciousness of mankind.*

By John Ciardi

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS—novelist, translator, poet, language-reformer, world traveler, and first man of Greek letters—died in Germany in October 1957, while returning from a mission to China. He was seventy-four, and it cannot help but seem characteristic of the man that his last act had been to fly over the North Pole. As if to give a special dimension to the man's own myth, the hero of his "Odyssey" (first published in 1938) had gone to the South Pole to die. Between the author and his own imagination the world itself had become the personal stage of a monumental myth.

"Odyssey" is not a book of the year, nor a book of the decade, but a monument of the age. Racing against a deadline through its 33,333 lines (three times the length of the Homeric "Odyssey"), the reviewer cannot help but feel like a man on a one-day tour of man's mind. He knows he is in the presence of majesty, but he must keep running, even when he most wants to bow. That it is true majesty, however, there can be no doubt. Kazantzakis has written an epic of Homeric stature, and Kimon Friar's eight-year labor of devoted and close collaboration with the master, has produced an English version that stamps him a master translator in his own right.

Let it be understood that this "Odyssey" is not a retelling of the Homeric myth. The world Odysseus travels is the territory of human consciousness. But though Odysseus is a rank and primal energy, there is nothing primitive about the consciousness his author gives him to explore. A master of tongues and of philosophy, and above all a poet of towering greatness, Kazantzakis registers not only the power of his great bull-hero, but a seemingly all-encompassing sense of the master-faces of mankind. Christ, Buddha, Nietzsche, the rituals of the Golden Bough, Dante, Cervantes, Plato, Plotinus—all enter the drama of Kazantzakis's voracious and many-leveled mind, and all take place in his transforming talent with a brute masculine power of which only the great ecstatics are capable.

The only twentieth-century work to which this "Odyssey" may be compared is Joyce's "Ulysses." But the comparison must limit itself to the scope and complexity of the two works. To imply any more-than-casual resemblance in method would be to mislead. One cannot doubt, however, that this "Odyssey" will become surrounded by at least as much scholarship and analysis as have surrounded that "Ulysses." The reviewer, dealing in first—and hurried—impressions has no duty to anticipate such future, and more careful, criticisms. All that seems presently in order is to describe the basic *size* of the work.

Kazantzakis grafts his "Odyssey" onto Homer's at the point where Odysseus has slaughtered the suitors of Penelope. Steaming with their blood, Odysseus bathes, his brain cools, and he prepares himself for the rituals of return. But immediately one knows that Odysseus cannot remain in Ithaca. His wife, his father, his son, his kingdom are all finally meaningless to him. Having returned from so far and having entered with such bloody violence, he ignores Penelope, finds himself disgusted by his father's decayed age, and feels no more than a ritual obligation to Telemachus, whom he marries off to Nausicaa and promptly forgets. There is nothing for him here. He is God-battling Odysseus and his voyages are his native land. When he can build a new ship and gather a crew of fate-bitten men, he is off.

Kazantzakis, seated, with translator Friar—"epic of Homeric stature."

He sails to Sparta and there steals Helen from the now-potbellied Menelaus. With Helen he sails to Crete, where he overthrows the decayed society of Idomeneus, makes one of his crew King of Crete, and leaves Helen married to one of the blond barbarians who have moved into the Greek world like the forces of a new age overwhelming the decay of the ancient world. Thus, Helen becomes mother of the future.

Helen behind him, Odysseus leaves the last outpost of the Greek world and sails up the Nile. Once more he fights to overthrow a decayed social order, but the Pharaoh is too strong, and the best Odysseus can do this time is to escape. He leads his crew on a search for the headwaters of the Nile. There he plans his Ideal City. Arrived there, he climbs a mountain, like Moses, to face God, and, returning with his own ten commandments, he finds the people divided and feuding. He brings them to order and builds his Utopia, but just before its inauguration, an eruption of the earth destroys all, and Odysseus, all thought of improving the social state of mankind abandoned, becomes a famous ascetic, wandering south to the tip of Africa, where he builds a coffin-shaped boat, and sails to the South Pole to die, summoning to him in the hour of his death, the souls of all the comrades he has loved. Significantly, from all Ithaca, only his dog, Argus, is summoned to his last mind.

None of these events, however, is simply narrative. Each is an allegory of a stage of the soul, and all are threaded together on a series of mythic themes. I take the most central of those themes to be the figure of the Seven-Headed God. The heads, in order, represent Bestiality, Battle-Hunger, Lust, Pure Intellect, Despair, Detachment, and finally Pure Soul. It is up through the seven stages of the heads that Odysseus battles to achieve himself. It is when he has attained the seventh that he can cry, "All roads are good!" There, holding in his flaming mind the memory of his best comrades, in pity for all mankind, and in a rage of joy for the force of his own will, his soul blazes upward into nothingness.

The greatness of Kazantzakis, however, is not in the fact that he can invent such primal elements, but in the far greater fact that he can make his elements burn into the performed meanings of true poetry.

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Immortal Story Begun at Sumter

"The Civil War: A Narrative; Fort Sumter to Perryville," by Shelby Foote *(Random House. 840 pp. $10), is a novelist's-eye view of the conflict that, ironically, unified the nation. This first volume of a projected trilogy is reviewed by Jonathan Daniels, the most recent of whose many books is "Prince of Carpetbaggers."*

By Jonathan Daniels

WITH not the least valid reason, Shelby Foote appends a sort of apology for the fact that he is a novelist to this long, exciting first volume of his narrative of the Civil War. He is, he notes, neither a military expert nor a professional historian. He is only an excellent and dramatic writer telling the eternally appealing story of the war which divided brothers and at last—and probably for the first time—made the nation whole. As such he joins the poets, the newspapermen, other novelists, even a retired stockbroker, who long ago demonstrated that we would not have half the fact and flavor of this best beloved American war if it had been left to the pedantries and the specialties of professors and tacticians.

With only the first of an intended three-volume history of the war at hand, it is not possible to judge in finality the full importance of Mr. Foote's work. This first volume alone does not suffice to put him in the class with such a poet as Carl Sandburg, such a sports editor as Lloyd Lewis, such a long-time writer of canned editorials for a newspaper syndicate as Bruce Catton, or such a Southern editor as Douglas Southall Freeman. Certainly, however, this hefty volume, telling the story of the struggle from the departure of Jefferson Davis from the U.S. Senate in January 1861 to the great poetry in the message of Lincoln to Congress in December 1862, is a significant and satisfying work.

The book definitely is, as Mr. Foote calls it, "a narrative." In rich prose and dramatic array of facts it moves across the first year and a half of the war from event to event and battle to battle. Perhaps because Mr. Foote comes from the Deep South of Mississippi his story seems to place an unusual though not necessarily improper emphasis on the war in the West. And everywhere Mr. Foote is most concerned as a narrative writer with the succession of campaigns, the description of battles.

Occasionally, I had the feeling, indeed, that as narrator his concern with action left him little time even in so thick a book for explanation of causes and the descriptions of the peoples and regions involved. As many will prefer, this is largely a battlefield book, but I, for one, felt a lack of information about the strengths and weaknesses, the corruptions and the sacrifices, the economics and the emotions which behind the armies had so much to do with the outcome of the war. Yet I realize that in a three-volume story, of which only one has appeared, Mr. Foote may have planned his work to emphasize those factors as their importance became most clear beyond the end of the first year and a half of war.

Certainly as a story of action this volume leaves little to be desired. Those military experts and professional historians of whom Mr. Foote speaks with deference may find some slight errors in it. They will also note that this is less a book of original research than of splendid writing from secondary sources. None of this alters the essential truth of the story or weakens the narrative power of the work. Indeed, this is basically a book which shines with the integrity of its purpose as well as its prose.

No North-South bias touches it, though Mr. Foote's fathers fought in gray. Indeed, Abraham Lincoln emerges as its noblest figure. Perhaps some bias, not of the Southerner but of the novelist, shows in that fact. As a literary craftsman, Mr. Foote is obviously deeply moved in admiration for Lincoln as a literary craftsman, too. But as a Southerner myself I put that down as one of the great facts of the war—indeed of our history as a nation. Lincoln not only out-fought us, also he out-talked us, and in doing so he spoke forever to the noblest aspirations of us all. Mr. Foote in writing of a multitude of brave, bloody, harassed and strutting, victorious and beaten men on both sides has given much of Lincoln's nobility to the whole war in which they fought.

—From the book.

Maj. Gen. Philip Sheridan leading Yankee troops to victory at Five Forks, which triggered Grant's all-out attack on Petersburg the next day, April 2, 1865.

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Epochal Showdown

"The Causes of World War III," by C. Wright Mills *(Simon & Schuster. 172 pp. $3.50, cloth. $1.50 paper), suggests a number of means by which the kindling of another global holocaust may be quenched. Their practicability is considered below by Lindsay Rogers, associate editor of* Political Science Quarterly *since 1921.*

By Lindsay Rogers

THERE is—or at least there once was—a story about Calvin Coolidge being asked what had been said by a clergyman who had preached on sin. "He said he was against it" was Coolidge's answer. Mr. C. Wright Mills, professor of sociology at Columbia, is against a third world war (as all of us are), and says so at length in language that is largely turgid and violent. Even though he is in his early forties, Mr. Mills writes like "an angry young man."

Two years ago in "The Power Elite" Mr. Mills was emotional because of his discovery that some people have more status, money, and power than other people and use their advantages to advantage themselves rather than to advance the common weal (this also happens in totalitarian societies, *vide*, Djilas's "The New Class"). Now, as the times become more and more parlous and the great question is, as Bertrand Russell put it, whether mankind will acquiesce in its survival, Mr. Mills warns us that an elite wants to take us into war. Many would agree that there has been a good deal of shouting, stimulated by press agents who have become more important than physicians or confessors, but shouting is quite different from wanting.

"For the first time the U.S. elite definitely includes among its executives and politicians and lawyers the war lords of Washington" ("war lords," I may interject, who did not appear very lordly at the time of the McCarthy-Army hearings). Nevertheless, "for the politicians, the military metaphysics provides a cover under which they can abdicate the perils of innovative leadership."

Mr. Mills urges that the United States abandon "the military metaphysic"; mount "a crash program" of industrial development in backward areas; press the United Nations to provide "an international fleet of airliners for the use of scientists, intellectuals, and artists at or below cost" (why not free?), and international centers with "multilingual stenographic pools and conference rooms of various sizes"; let no more "contracts of a scientific character to any private business corporation"; stop nuclear testing; "announce the size of its present stockpile" and a schedule for reducing it; "abandon all military bases and installations outside the continental domain of the United States"; urge "European nations once more to take the initiative in world history . . . by unilaterally and immediately disarming"; scrap NATO and the Warsaw Pact (the latter, I add, is unimportant because the Kremlin controls the governments in it), and recognize China and "all other Communist-type states."

Such a facile program completely ignores the nature of the "predicament" in which we find ourselves. In order to explain this briefly, I rely on an English historian whose writings Mr. Mills either does not know or ignores. Assume, says Herbert Butterfield, that "the Soviet group of States on the one hand and the Western group on the other are absolutely level in point of virtue and in the moral qualities of the statesmen who conduct their affairs." No saints, of course, but moderately virtuous men. The Western powers, "confronted by the Russian colossus, feel that they cannot allow the defeated Germany to be drawn into the orbit of the Communist system." The Soviet Union, on the other hand, "is ridden by the mathematically equal and opposite fear that the balance will be turned against her for all the future if Germany is enlisted in the non-Communist group." Mr. Butterfield, who knows a whole lot more about past wars than Mr. Mills and I do, concludes that the greatest conflict in history "could be produced without the intervention of any great criminals who might be out to do deliberate harm in the world." And we, looking from the outside at Stalin "could never be sure that his intentions were as good as ours." No unilateral disarmament, as Mr. Mills urges. That would invite disaster. Softer speaking on occasion, continual negotiations, and agreements when possible. That is the only sound policy.

Mr. Mills's concluding sentences do not deflate the turgidity of his earlier pages. "It is an epochal showdown, separating the contemporary period from 'the modern age.'" To make the showdown clear "requires a union of political reflection and cultural sensibility of a sort not really known before. It is a union now scarcely available in the Western intellectual community. Perhaps the attempt to achieve it, and use it well, is the showdown on human culture itself."

The Admiral's Log

"Leyte: June 1944-January 1945," by Samuel Eliot Morison *(Little, Brown. 445 pp. $6.50), is a blow-by-blow account of the last great sea battle of World War II, a battle that confirmed the downfall of Japan as a naval power. Lynn Montross, our reviewer, is the author of "War Through the Ages" and "Cavalry of the Sky."*

By Lynn Montross

IT IS a pity that "monumental" is such a tired word. For if ever a work deserved that tribute, it is Samuel Eliot Morison's fourteen-volume "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II," of which the present volume is the twelfth.

A Harvard history professor who in 1942 was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for his biography of Columbus, Morison convinced President Roosevelt that history should be written while events were still fresh in the minds of participants. He saw duty as a Naval Reserve officer on eleven ships in combat zones, all the time gathering material. Retiring after the war with the rank of rear admiral in the Reserve, he visited Japan to get the late enemy's side of the story.

Volume XII deals for the most part with the amphibious invasion of Leyte in the Philippines, followed within a few days by the sea actions from October 24 to 26, 1944, known collectively as the Battle for Leyte Gulf. The remaining chapters are devoted largely to preliminaries and conclusions.

Contrary to precedent, this country had entered the conflict with what was to prove the war's most decisive tactical innovation—the ship-to-shore amphibious assault techniques developed during the 1930s by the Navy and Marine Corps, supplemented by the

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Memoirs of a Military Meteor

"Wedemeyer Reports!" by General Albert C. Wedemeyer *(Holt. 497 pp. $6), roundly denounces VIPs and their policies during the past twenty years. S. L. A. Marshall, author of the recently released "Sinai Victory," appraises the memoir.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

OF THAT handsome soldier, General Al Wedemeyer, and of his glittering reputation as a mastermind of global warfare, it is so easy to speak positively that comment on his memoir had best come later.

The man made a high score: the book will but make its readers wonder how and why.

Wedemeyer was one of the main planners of U.S. Army operations in World War II. Toward the close he served briefly with Admiral Mountbatten in the C-B-I Theatre, then supplanted General Joe Stilwell in the China command. In 1948 he was the Army's chief of operations. Last, he commanded the Sixth Army on the Pacific Coast.

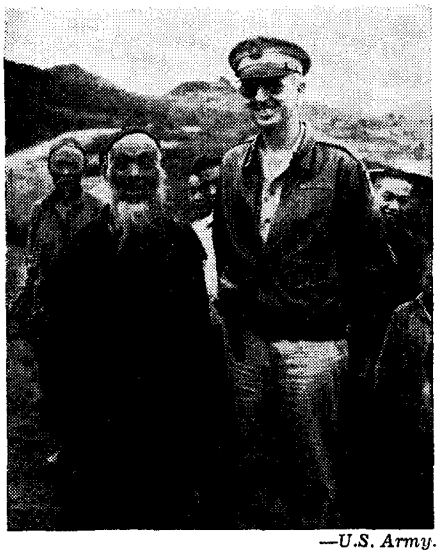
His greater postwar renown, however, arose from his political and missionary efforts. He wrote the suppressed "Wedemeyer Report," which, smothered in its cradle, never had a chance to save China. There are those who feel the Red eclipse might have happened regardless.

For one decade the Wedemeyer military career flashed like a meteor and trailed off as many hot sparks into open space. A major on the General Staff at World War II's beginning, Wedemeyer got his fourth star, when a few years back, of his own choice, he quit the Army.

No American soldier ever rose so high so quickly without ever commanding Americans in battle or being a staff member guiding fighting operations.

On the personal side, Wedemeyer is humanly warm, un-Olympian, and down-to-earth—a quite likable guy. One can't imagine him bulldozing his way to high place: he is too much the gentleman. His book reveals him as a professional almost incapable of making a move without reflecting on how it influences his chance for promotion. There's nothing unique in that.

Considering this background, Wedemeyer's phenomenal ascent might be taken as positive proof of his superior quality as strategist, logistician, and negotiator. The great reputation must be deserved. Reflecting rare opportunity and experience, there should come forth, if not a classic memoir, at least a clear and balanced report.



—U.S. Army.

General Albert C. Wedemeyer shown on inspection trip in southeastern China, 1945.

It is inordinately difficult to write polished prose about such a subject. High-level planning, for all its complexity, is dull stuff, and strategic reasoning, despite its glamour, is less exciting than a retired ladies' tea. To make good copy of it, the master planner must also be a genius at organizing and expressing his best thoughts, a wizard at making language flow, and a magician in blending the important and ponderous with the sidelight which is trivial but entertaining.

Wedemeyer the soldier must have been able to write a superior staff paper with its exacting requirements as to clear statement, compaction, complete information, and justified conclusions, or he could scarcely have held a job. Wedemeyer the author violates every writing rule he once knew, and the results are deplorable.

The book is a jumble. Little or nothing in it is related to the art of positive thinking. Its arbitrary, dissenting views are indifferently maintained. Its criticisms and exorcisms are made to ring hollow through tiresome repetition and the author's persistent tendency to knock down his own arguments. There is no continuity of thought. Cutbacks and projections forward are so often interpolated as to daze the reader. The memoir is a weird potpourri of statements half-profound and irrelevencies wholly naïve.

"In Egypt I had my first glimpse of the sphinx and the pyramids and was fascinated."

"We saw many camels, Arabs, donkeys, Jews, in the undulating country." This is Wedemeyer lifting his eyes unto the same Judean hills which once inspired David.

The only justification for lifting such wooden lines as these from the writing, as if they were fair samples, is that many of the longer passages are not less awkward, and some are in questionable taste. In that category is a windy discussion of a security leak out of Wedemeyer's shop during the early stage of the war and the resultant investigation. That has happened to many an officer and, while the experience is invariably painful, it is usually beneath dignity to regard it as an instance of personal persecution which must be publicly exposed.

The memoir is sensational in its ringing condemnation of high personages and high policy. According to Wedemeyer, nearly everything done by the United States during the past twenty years has been wrong. It was criminal stupidity that the nation let itself be dragged into World War II, that thereafter its strategy makers let the British lead them by the nose, that Winston Churchill was permitted to influence military operations, that Western Europe was not invaded in the early war years, that unconditional surrender was demanded of Germany, that no way was found to body-check Russia, that the United States did not bulwark Chiang Kai-shek's position on the mainland, etc., etc.

THESE are thunderous broadsides throwing forth bird shot, due to the memoir's general lack of pointed, balanced argument and penetrating proof.

Wedemeyer was a passionate soldier, independent thinker, the man and strategist almost eternally in opposition. Yet like all other sound professionals, he loyally hewed to the line once decision was made.

His German blood and his staff tour in Hitler's Germany predisposed his sympathies. This he acknowledges while avowing his detestation of Nazism. He saw eye-to-eye with the America First camp and though Colonel Lindbergh talked gospel. He stays persuaded that Mr. Roosevelt deliberately contrived American entry into the war.

What should have been done, ac

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cording to Wedemeyer, was to permit the two great despots, Russia and Germany, to hammer each other into insensibility, with the U.S. thereby winning dominance by default. This is hardly an original thesis. But when a strategist advances it seriously, he hould first be able to say by what strategy available to a neutral it is possible to insure that a war between great powers will be fought to a mutually paralyzing deadlock. Provided that either emerged as victor, Europe was certain to be gripped by the most powerful and aggressive despotism in history, with unfathomable consequence to a sideline-sitting USA. To assert that we did not have to enter the war is possibly a defendable proposition. But to insist that we should have used our influence in such way as to restore a power balance in Europe mistakes strategy for magic.

In the Wedemeyer memoir, as in others written by principals from the Allied side, there is lengthy and deeply personal argument about the divergent views, British and American, on how the war should be won. Few strategists seem able to discuss this sensitive issue dispassionately.

This one, too, leaves unstated two main propositions essential to fair treatment of the subject. Britain and the United States, being on opposite sides of the ocean with quite different vorldwide interests, could not possibly see eye-to-eye on strategy. The second thought is that going operations exert an almost irresistible tug upon projected movement which is often above and beyond narrow national interest. That is so because of inertia, the grip of logistics, and the human fact that no general in his right mind wants to be downgraded to a secondary role.

Wedemeyer treats these disagreements virtually as if they were proof of conspiratorial low cunning on the part of the British. "We wuz robbed" by people who were less bright at seeing the main road to decision but more clever at making things go their way around the top-level conference table.

It's a familiar lament. But while here are reasons of record for believing the British were loath to stage he Great Invasion even in 1944, no body of proof warrants the charge hat their resistance withheld Allied orces from a successful effort against Vestern Europe during the two preceding years.

Wedemeyer seemingly marches hrough life classifying men as heroes, ges, dullards, or knaves, according o the measure of their disagreement vith him. This bull-in-the-China-hop approach is appropriate to the ast third of his book, where he strides ver Asia.

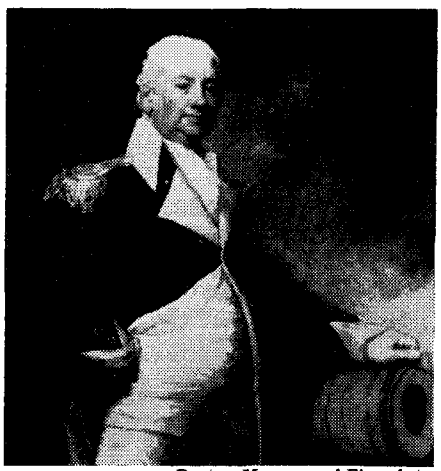
Father of Artillery

"Henry Knox: General Washington's General," by North Callahan *(Rinehart. 404 pp. $6), is about a Boston bookseller who became an artillery commander without benefit of formal instruction. Columbia University History Professor Richard B. Morris, co-author of "The Spirit of 'Seventy-Six," reports on the biography for us.*

By Richard B. Morris

IF ANYONE wants a classic illustration of the difference between the Prussian military system and the American it is sufficient to point to the career of Henry Knox, Boston bookseller and civilian, who, without formal military training but by self-instruction from the manuals, picked up enough technical knowledge to command with competence the artillery of the American Revolution. He came of no military or aristocratic lineage and ended his days as a civilian. A great Bacchanalian figure of a man, Knox was a portly symbol of what high caloric intake plus alcohol did to the waistline of a genial Patriot. Yet despite his huge bulk he has managed hitherto to elude military historians. A few earlier biographers have sought without signal success to establish his claim to distinction, and now North Callahan has combed the Knox Papers in the Massachusetts Historical Society and has added many additional details.

Knox is remembered for his three great moments. He happened by chance to be right alongside Captain Preston when a British redcoat pulled the trigger and the Boston Massacre exploded. His most heroic feat was the transporting of many tons of desperately needed cannon from Ticonderoga across the frozen Hudson and over the snow-clad Berkshires in time for his artillery to be posted atop Dorchester Heights. This proved to be the turning point in the Battle for Boston. Lastly, it was Knox whom Washington first embraced in a memorable farewell to his officers at Fraunces Tavern. But between Ticonderoga and the British evacuation of New York Knox fought dependably through eight long years of war, even dodging enemy cannon balls alongside Alexander Hamilton, who tried to use his big companion as a shield during the siege of Yorktown.



—Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Henry Knox—one of Washington's favorites.

The trouble is that while Knox's services as the father of the artillery may have been indispensable they were generally not conspicuous, and Mr. Callahan, like previous biographers, has had difficulty in keeping the focus on his own subject. What he has given us is run-of-the-mill military history in which Knox is lost in the complexity and confusion of battle. Granted that Knox was a good organizer of artillery, it is less clear that he was a good tactician. The attack on the Chew House was done at his insistence. He argued that "it was unmilitary to leave a castle in our rear." This unimaginative decision may well have lost the Battle of Germantown, and revealed that Knox would stick by the book and lacked the talents of improvisation which great military figures must have.

If, then, Mr. Callahan fails to make out as strong a case as one might expect for Knox as a soldier, he does less than justice to his subject's role in organizing and administering the War Department. During Shays's Rebellion Knox was feverishly energetic and was prepared to use federal troops to put it down, an eventuality that proved unnecessary. He was the only member of Washington's Cabinet to have carried his department headship over from the Confederation. Jay held over in foreign affairs, but only until Jefferson took the helm. The author has signally failed to exploit the rich War Department records in the National Archives for the later years of the Confederation, when Knox made perhaps his most important contribution to civilian administration. As a department head he was less successful once he entered Washington's Cabinet. Private financial problems kept him from his post during the Whisky Rebellion. In turning over the responsibilities of the War Department temporarily to Hamilton, Knox was to find out that the Secretary of the Treasury was too audacious and adventurous a person to play the role of a passive substitute.

All in all, Knox seems a genial personality of the second rank.

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Self-Made Great

"The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant," by Major General J. F. C. Fuller *(Indiana University Press. 411 pp. $6.50), is an illuminating portrait of a brilliant commander. Among the books that bear reviewer Earl Schenck Miers's byline this season are "Blood of Freedom," "Great Rebellion," and "Why Did This Have to Happen?"*

By Earl Schenck Miers

TO FIND in history a general of enduring fame who was less educated in military matters than Ulysses S. Grant is a quest for a needle in a haystack. If you are looking for the key to Grant's greatness—and about nine out of ten Civil War historians appear to be doing precisely that these days—General Fuller believes that he can supply it. In a sentence, had Grant been a professional like McClellan or Halleck, filled with pet theories to protect, he would have been as ineffective in battle as they.

Grant, surely, would have applauded Fuller's argument:

> Some of our generals failed because they worked out everything by rule [Grant once said]. They knew what Frederick did at one place, and Napoleon at another. They were always thinking about what Napoleon would do. Unfortunately for their plans, the rebels would be thinking about something else.

With dogged British resolution, General Fuller pursues his theory about the failure of professional military theorists in all the wars of the past century. Since Grant had no rules to prove, he was free to discover and to correct his own mistakes. War held no romance for him; he hated it as a necessary but still loathsome disruption in his life, and so he was always impelled by a wish to have the nasty job finished. Perhaps he had never read Jomini's "Art of War," but he used his native horse sense in adapting actions to circumstances, and as a result the poor student became the great teacher. Moreover, Grant understood intuitively that "a general is an instrument of government." If a plan had to be altered, delayed, or abandoned to fit a political necessity, he was quick to do so. Thus whenever Grant won, Lincoln won also, a sure-proof formula for making one's place in the pages of history.

Once Grant is viewed in this perspective, his portrait as a general becomes consistently clear. Had Halleck, whom Fuller sees as "hopelessly stupid," or McClellan, whom he calls "a wilful schoolboy" although "probably the ablest of the failures," been willing to follow Grant's hunches after Donelson, the war might have ended within a year. But these professionals were mystified by the simple wisdom of Grant, the self-made soldier. Rather than trying to learn from him, they intrigued against him, which was easier.

Ulysses S. Grant—"What about Shiloh?"

The reasonable question, in testing this evaluation of Grant, is what about Shiloh? Fuller confesses that the affair at Pittsburg Landing certainly was not Grant's greatest battle, and yet was not the real blunderer Sherman? After all, Sherman's camps were being overrun with scared rabbits. Couldn't he guess that the rebels must be approaching? And once Grant reached the field, his decisions during the next nine hours become a fascinating study in the kind of generalship on which his fame rests.

In the Iuka campaign following Shiloh, Grant's full brilliance emerges. Then comes Vicksburg—in Fuller's estimate, not only "an amazing success" but also, from a purely strategical viewpoint, "one of the greatest [campaigns] in military history." Grant was in high gear now, and from Vicksburg to Appomattox continued to live and fight by his own maxim: "I do not believe in luck in war any more than luck in business. Luck is a small matter, may affect a battle or movement, but not a campaign or a career."

There are few students of war more qualified to write on the subject than General Fuller, and fewer still as well endowed with literary ability. Grant, a man of fire, zeal, and imagination, comes alive in consequence. He was a great general—a very great general—and his star properly shines brighter with each passing decade.

WARTIME COMMANDER: William King, a Royal Navy "regular" who spent almost all his professional life in submarines, has produced a book with an odd flavor. Superficially, **"The Stick and the Stars"** (Norton, $3.50) is an account, straightforward enough, of naval life in peacetime; of six years on submarine patrols and forays in World War II, and (briefly) of demobilization and the problems of settling down after the strain and tension of wartime command.

Some of it is exciting enough, but the key is always minor. One has the feeling—indeed, the certainty—that there was more to it than this, and that Commander King still has not "unwound" enough to tell his story fully and unequivocally. For that reason, his book must be set down as a disappointment: its odd flavor is the flavor of censorship—personal and private censorship, but perpetually inhibiting nonetheless. One wonders, "But what was it *really* like?"

The author has some good stories to tell, about his patrols off the Norwegian coast at the beginning of the war, and later off Singapore, when that cardboard bastion collapsed almost in the course of a single English week end, and King and his submarine were turned loose—without base and virtually orphaned—to do what they could, independently, in the China Sea.

IN NORWAY he had one spectacularly successful patrol, sinking seven ships in a triumphant series. But there, as later, he learned at first hand the searing ordeal of command; the sweating nervousness of waiting, submerged, while the hunters overhead kept up their remorseless, round-the-clock pursuit; the terrors of running aground on an alien shore, and perhaps staying there forever.

It was an ordeal which left strange physical traces, vouched for by medical authority. Submarine commanders developed well-marked, minutely-spaced ridges on their fingernails; the ridges represented combat patrols the smooth surfaces were periods in harbor. They developed, too, an extreme nervous tension which took a long time to disperse. King's prescription, after the war, was marriage ocean-racing, and living in Ireland which illustrates, let us say, just how unpredictable this branch of therapy can be.

But in Ireland he had time to reflect on chances missed and terrors escaped; and to enjoy in tranquillity his share of naval "prize-money," which after six years at exceptionally hard labor amounted to nine English pounds—a shade over $4 a year.

—NICHOLAS MONSARRAT.

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FICTION

The Landscape of Living Israel

"The King of Flesh and Blood," by Moshe Shamir; *translated by David Patterson (Vanguard. 542 pp. $4.95), recreates the ancient, Biblical world in the days when Jonathan ruled Israel's kingdom. Howard Fast, our reviewer is the well-known novelist whose books include "Moses, Prince of Egpyt" and "Spartacus."*

By Howard Fast

THE nation that returned after almost two thousand years provides one of the dramatic and troublesome miracles of our time; and while many foreign departments wish that Israel simply were not there, still other eminent authorities continue to prove that it is not there. The only argument Israel has is her existence.

It is just this continuing impossibility of her existence that has made archeology almost a national religion in Israel. Two thousand years are missing from her national life; when she remembers, as all nations must, she bridges eras and fixes upon antiquity; and the Old Testament, a morality saga and religious doctrine to Western nations, is for Israel a historical narrative of her not too distant past. The original language of the Bible is her own living tongue; the holy and sacred places are where she plays and builds and ploughs; the forgotten cities of the Bible are her own pioneer settlements, and the scenic setting of the Bible is what she looks upon, day in and day out.

Unless this is understood, it is almost impossible for an American to comprehend the intent of Moshe Shamir in his long and intricate novel. The title of the book derives from the word play in old Hebrew, the King of Men, who are flesh and blood, as against the King of Kings, one of the many Jewish descriptions of the monotheistic concept; and out of this, the moral and political judgment of an evil and destructive monarch, Alexander Jonathan, who ruled over Israel from 103 to 76 B.C.

This is a little-known but interesting time of ancient Jewish history. Jonathan—or Yannai, as he is called in the book—was the last king over an independent Israel, the grandson of Simon Maccabeus, who had liberated Israel from Syrian rule, and in the eyes of many the epitome of all things evil and vile. He completes the circle from the five Maccabean brothers, who are remembered as the noblest products of the Jewish people in this period—being remembered himself as the most terrible and degraded and as the first ruler of Israel to introduce mass crucifixion as a means of dealing with revolt.

Although the Jewish city-state survived a century and a half after his death, this survival was by the will and rule of Rome. In a deeper sense, ancient Israel came to an end with Jonathan—to be reborn only in our time; and thereby the spur of the novel and the link with today.

The very circumstances of its writings distinguishes it from and places it head and shoulders above the Old Testament "horse opera" that has become a staple in the contemporary publishing scene. It is a book of vast erudition and profound knowledge—not simply scholarly knowledge, but the living knowledge of a man who lives and talks whereof he writes. It is framed, not with Biblical memories, but with the landscape of living Israel. Its characters speak as people have always talked, not in antique phrases but simply, directly, and to the point.

In this sense it is unique among reconstructions of Old Testament times, and it is understandable why it should have been so successful in Israel.

At the same time, the book is overwhelmingly long in terms of its action. Its pace is slow to the point of distraction, and all too often, by his desire to make the past understandable, the author succeeds only in making it mundane and commonplace. For all of his skill in description of scene and depiction of character, Mr. Shamir fails to make the reader care very much about anyone in the book. Handling material of enormous dramatic content, he appears to stifle his own sense of drama and climax—as if the tale he tells were so close to him as to forbid any display of tension or

(*Continued on page* 36)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MOON-SHOOTERS

The moon has been a perennial inspiration to poets in all ages. Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, presents here lines from ten poems in which the moon is directly addressed and asks you to identify the poems and their authors. Answers on page 31.

1. "Ah, Moon of my Delight, who know'st no wane,
   The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again."

2. "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair
   Now the sun is laid to sleep,
   Seated in thy silver chair,
   State in wonted manner keep."

3. "O Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee,
   And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load."

4. "Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light."

5. "With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies,
   How silently and with how wan a face!"

6. "O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
   The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me."

7. "Art thou pale for weariness
   Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth?"

8. "Who is the same which at my window peepes?
   Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?"

9. "Look around, brown moon, brown bird, as you rise to fly."

10. "O western orb sailing the heaven,
    Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walk'd."

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Sensibility and Intelligence

THOSE who pretend to teach writing are doomed to read a lot of contemporary literature before it is written. Much of what one reads represents not original invention but the tentative stereotypes, perhaps later to be discarded, by which writers learn from the past in order to discover their own way. Occasionally one meets real vigor and originality, an individual rather than a traditional control, and when he does he may suffer the delusion that he can predict the literature of the next decades from these juvenilia of one of its probable makers. But constantly he is asked to predict the private future, the individual talent. Ultimately what young writers come to teachers for is less instruction than reassurance. They will have to prove themselves by what they write, and are braced for the test; but meantime they yearn to be told they are not wasting their time. Whether they come belligerently or wistfully, whether they remain grateful to their literary father-image or whether they eat him as soon as they feel big enough, they all feel that surge of hope and self-doubt. Have I got it? And *what* have I got, that makes me think the world should listen when I take to words?

One dare not predict; even guessing is risky. And yet all one's contact with such a young writer is a weighing and estimating of only two things: the quality of his talent, for which I suppose the contemporary jargon word is "sensibility," and the nature and extent of the discipline he imposes upon it. Teachers arrive back at the unsurprising perception that talent and discipline are both needed; they work together.

First the sensibility. Henry James's well-known advice was to be "one of those on whom nothing is lost." The phrase is both negative and passive, and it incorporates a considerable exaggeration. There is no such person as one on whom nothing is lost; the sensibility is as much for excluding things as for letting them in; the memory is as much for forgetting as for remembering. A man upon whom nothing was lost would look like a besieged and berserk James, his mind and his fiction cluttered with avid gatherings like a house where ancient misers have lived. A filled room is not a furnished room; a notebook, or a notebook mind, is not sensibility.

Instead of being one on whom nothing is lost, I should like to be one who seizes from everything *some* vivid impression. Much is certain to be lost or thrown away, and what is seized is sure to reflect the temperament that seizes it. Happenings that might provide James with a scene that was subtle, qualified, hesitant, humorous, and complex, a composition of gray on gray, might produce in a Stephen Crane quite another—something intense, distorted to the point of caricature, stripped, brilliantly simple, harshly colored. In either case the creating force is a sensibility capable of both bright awareness and intense focus.

A man born with such sensibility may be a novelist. If he doesn't have it, the testing bureaus should direct him to another line of work. For though sensibility can be trained and sharpened, it cannot be created or acquired. One is not even always aware when his instrument is working: one has the conviction that Scott Fitzgerald, for instance, very often indelibly registered things he never consciously noticed. Sensibility is not alertness, any more than it is the notebook method.

Probably it is more than half mere senses, pure acuteness of perception. Ideally, all five senses, and as acute as possible, as acute as Hemingway's nose, Crane's eye, Twain's or Joyce's ear. And the senses go further than the mere recording of images. They lead to extended kinds of acuteness—in James, say, or in Virginia Woolf, to a clairvoyance about human contacts, a recognition of the tiniest stigmata of emotion and response. They also lead to the development of an ear for language: a gift for words such as that of Yeats is sensuous at bottom—a trained gift, but a gift.

There ought to be a poet submerged in every novelist; that is part of what his susceptibility amounts to. And in addition to senses and their psychological, social, and linguistic extensions he needs a memory that spills easy, a memory with a loose top, so that any chance can tip it and send rolling the vast and invaluable supply of what the writer did not know he knew, the store of perceptions he did not know he had recorded.

FINALLY, a novelist needs what William James called the primary quality of the artistic intelligence—the knack of similar association, the faculty (or incurable habit of putting flint and steel together and getting fire, of putting two people or images or ideas together and getting a sudden depth of focus, a parallax, a deepening of meaning and value. Even form, often held to be the product of the logical and critical functions of mind, is quite as often the result of this incorrigible posing of likenesses, the arranging of things in comparative ways. Narrative form in particular is not always built upon cause and effect, stimulus and response, motive and act, situation and resolution. In such a story as Chekhov's "In Exile," for instance, form results simply from proximity, position, the posing together of two men and two systems of value.

Probably there are other things that go to make up sensibility and that make literary prediction remotely possible. I should be happy to settle for the ingredients I have named, and if I were assured that a student writer had them I would lay a modest bet on his future. But first I would want to watch how he handled himself and his weapons of talent, scrutinize the quality of his control. And control is quite another matter, the topic for another time.

—Wallace Stegner.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LIMITLESS

JOHN CIARDI writes well and makes at least one excellent point in his recent article "Dialogue with the Audience" (*SR* Nov. 22), *i.e.*, that a poem is not limited by the denotation of its words. I would like to suggest to Mr. Ciardi that a poem is also not limited by the connotations of its words.

OTTO KRASH.

Massapequa, N. Y.

ST. PAUL ON JOHN C.

THERE IS A certain ecstatic quality about John Ciardi's feeling for poetry. "What the heck?" he seems to say, "who wants meaning when you can have such wonderful word combinations? Who wants edification when you can be charmed with sound *sans* sense?" There are certain pertinent sentences of St. Paul which seem to apply. Says Paul, "If the bugle gives an uncertain sound who will get ready for battle? . . . I would rather speak five words with my mind than 10,000 in a tongue." There you are, John Ciardi. If you can produce one bugle note for these calamitous times, you may burn the rest of your "elusive yet clear" outpourings.

HARRY TAYLOR.

Portland, Ore.

REQUIEM FOR POETRY

CIARDI WONDERS why the Citizen will not swallow modern poetry as he does music. Poetry is almost always received visually; music aurally. I wonder whether Ciardi enjoys reading the notes on sheet music? Perhaps he does, for it is a strange man who can be "left puzzled" but "considerably richer." I suggest Ciardi give up poetry, take up music, and compose a "Requiem for Modern Poetry."

E. F. FERNES.

Baltimore, Md.

BOOK NOTE

WHY NOT MERELY recommend a work such as R. P. Blackmur's "Language as Gesture" as a bridge to understanding the modern poet, instead of running the article?

RAE SANDBERG.

Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW INTEREST

"DIALOGUE WITH the Audience" is extremely interesting and stimulating, especially to one who can identify himself with the "Citizen." Writing like this helps greatly to add new interest to poetry.

HARRY WEISS.

White Plains, N. Y.

HACKS MAGIC

CIARDI IS SO right. Poetry today is no more obscure than it ever was. But, *miserabile dictu*, it lacks much of the magic and enchantment of, say, "Tiger, Tiger" or "Kubla Khan."

ETHEL KING.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I think people will understand you better, Mr. President, if you just say 'eighty-seven years.'"

MENTAL DISPOSITION

Mr. Ciardi's explanation
Of what poets write today
Shows that our generation
Suffers from acute decay.

I feel sorry for the poet,
I feel sorry for the art—
Mr. Ciardi—don't you know it?—
Brain gymnastics make no bard!

RALPH SANFORD.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

INCREASED CONFIDENCE

I'M NOT SURE that I understand Stevens any more than I do Jeremiah or St. John the Divine. Yet I am now able to understand Ciardi a little. "Honest John" he now is, in reality; and, for my money, I'll have more confidence in his recommendations for the purchase of poetic publications.

FITCH GIBBENS.

Boston, Mass.

KEEN SATIRE

MANY THANKS FOR the truly inspired article, "What Is an Idea?" Mortimer Adler reveals a keen, penetrating wit in his satire on a befuddled humanities professor dabbling in "research."

D. E. MATTESON.

Pullman, Wash.

MISSING LINKS

THE ABSENCE OF the idea of *Color* may be explained by Adler as being subsumed under *Art*, but *Color* more basically is an aspect of *Light*, which idea is not listed. For Adler there shall be no *Light*, nor is there its antithesis *Darkness*. On the other hand, why are *Angel* and *Medicine* listed as separate ideas when the former is related to *Religion*, as the latter is to *Science*. Just how is *Medicine* more important as an idea than, say, *Music*?

And according to what scheme of philosophy is the idea of *Woman* excluded among basic ideas? If the idea of *Woman* is subsumed by Adler under the idea of *Man*, the species, then the primal pair of *Man and Woman* is not even as important as the pairs *Good and Evil*, and *Pleasure and Pain*, the first pair of which are perhaps aspects of the idea of *Morality* (not listed), and the latter aspects of the idea of *Feeling*, likewise absent. The second major omission is that of the idea of *Reality*. Listed separately are the ideas of *Space and Time* which perhaps most thinking persons would regard as the components of the basic idea of *Reality*.

ARTHUR J. SCHNEIDER.

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
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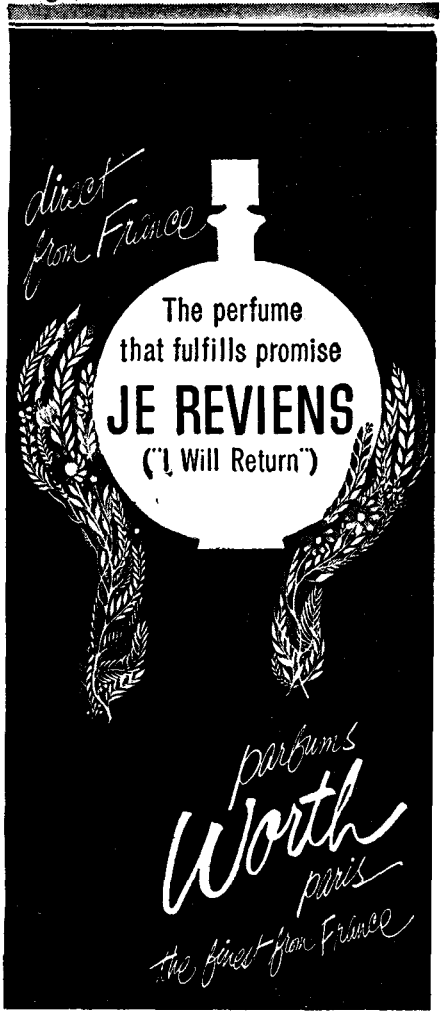
"AUNTIE MAME"
Starring
ROSALIND RUSSELL
co-starring
FORREST TUCKER
CORAL BROWNE • FRED CLARK
Screenplay by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
from the novel "Auntie Mame" by Patrick Dennis
Directed by MORTON DaCOSTA
A WARNER BROS. Picture
Filmed in TECHNIRAMA®
Color by TECHNICOLOR®

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"The Nativity"
Far-famed pageant of the first Christmas . . . and
"CHEERS"
Gala holiday revue, produced by Leonidoff, featuring wondrous underseas spectacle, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Symphony Orchestra and guest artists.



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Fortitude

"The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" is not "The Good Earth" set to music, but a reasonably straightforward account of a young English woman's adventures in China as a missionary. Gladys Aylward, the true life heroine of the story, arrived in China towards the end of 1930, having made the trip on her own from London after being turned down by the English missionary society she had hoped to work for. Just why she wanted to be a missionary and to go to China particularly is never made fully clear in this lengthy, colorful, CinemaScopic picture made by Mark Robson under 20th Century-Fox auspices. However, brave, determined, shining-eyed—in the person of Ingrid Bergman—go she does, traveling across the length and breadth of Russia and Siberia, eventually reaching the walled city of Yengcheng in the remote and mountainous province of Shansi.

There is a good deal less to be seen of this fabled place than there is of Miss Bergman, for this picture is practically all hers. She suffers, she endures with fortitude, she makes friends with an austere mandarin, falls in love with a Chinese colonel (who is half European by parentage), eventually herds 100 Chinese children to safety through country occupied by the Japanese invaders. In fact, it is very doubtful that without Miss Bergman the picture would have been made, so patently was the role provided for her by Isobel Lennart's screenplay.

Mark Robson, whose last chore was the lengthy, highly successful "Peyton Place," probably has something of equal commercial value in "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness." The elements look sure-fire: Miss Bergman, the late Robert Donat as the mandarin, the handsome Curt Jurgens as the colonel, 100 Chinese children. . . . They have been put together well, for Mr. Robson has a sure hand. Miss Bergman's performance is expert; it is both a treat and a sadness to see Donat's last work; and Jurgens is stalwart if somewhat stiff. There are times when the story moves slowly but more bothersome, perhaps, is its predictability. One is sure that Miss Bergman will always rise to the occasion, whatever the challenge. There is therefore no surprise, not even suspense, when she does. Will she succeed in convincing the stubborn Chinese women that footbinding is cruel and unnecessary? She does. Will she quell the prison riot? She does. Will she bring the children safely to Sian? She will. Such fortitude is admirable. I am not talking about Miss Aylward, or Miss Bergman, but about the movie, when I say that after two and a half hours it also becomes somewhat cloying.

* * *

Not the *Titanic* again! The English, who have been busy of late recreating their national disasters in film form, have presumably tired of American efforts to reconstruct the sinking of the unsinkable ship, and in **"A Night to Remember"** have shown how it actually happened. Using Walter Lord's account, and seemingly forgetful of the fact that approximately half our population has already seen a pictorialization of Mr. Lord's researches on television, they have pitched into the tragic circumstance with energy and a passion for detail. Eric Ambler has done the jigsaw type screenplay, and Roy Baker has directed crisply.

It is rather odd that the English should like to do this kind of picture so much. There is really not much chance to build character, or what is known as audience identification, when the story must hop from one quickly sketched figure to another. It must be assumed therefore that a large part of the audience has a passionate interest in just *how* something happened. This the movie does very well, and even achieves a kind of anguish when it shows, sitting a few miles off, totally unaware, the ship that could have prevented the staggering loss of life. For focus, there is the incredibly cheerful Kenneth More, playing Second Officer Charles Lightoler, the hero who saved many lives through his resourcefulness and energy. For the rest, the familiar figures are there: the gallant, the cowardly, the wives who wish to die with their husbands, the husbands who wish to save their wives, the band of musicians, the radio operator sending out despairingly and unendingly that S.O.S. No one, after seeing the picture, should any longer have th slightest doubt about how and why the *Titanic* foundered. But, do audiences *care* enough to justify this much work? The Rank Organization wil find out.

—Hollis Alpert.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Quare World of Brendan Behan

ON THE evidence of his American premiere, thirty-five-year-old Brendan Behan promises to be the most exciting new playwright to come out of Ireland since Sean O'Casey. His play **"The Quare Fellow,"** which has followed "The Iceman Cometh" into Circle-in-the-Square, is a rough-finished piece of work, but it never stops flaring up with the irrepressible flame of rebellion and subsiding into unforgettable afterglows in which the playwright captures the present moment in its poetic totality.

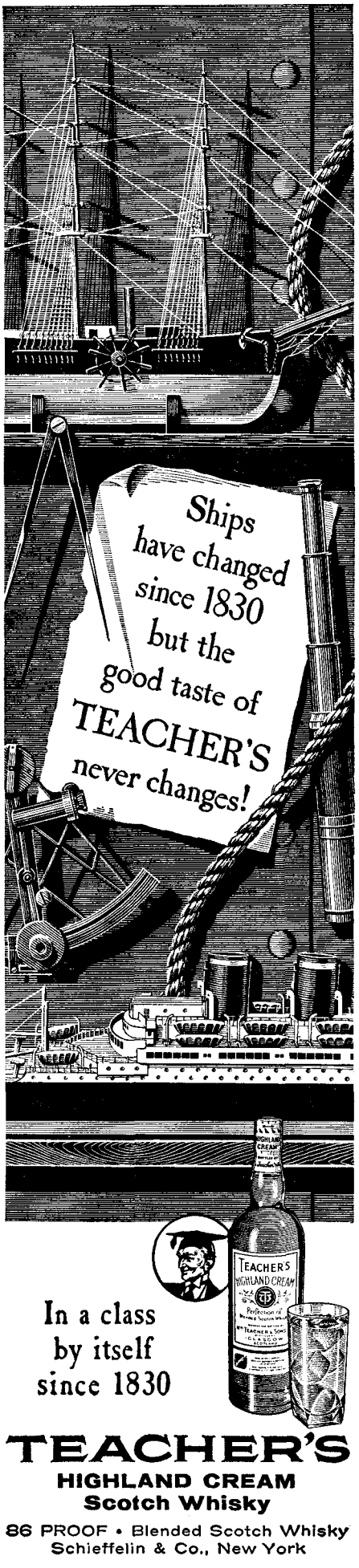
The play sets out with a series of descriptive scenes of what seems to be the normal routine of an Irish prison. But because Mr. Behan has spent eight of his thirty-five years in prison for IRA activities the detail is supernormally rich. He finds an earthy humor in the prisoners' dodges, and particularly in those of two elder convicts who manage to get drunk. While liquor is strictly forbidden, these two oldsters have found a way to manipulate regulations to their advantage. By going on sick call for rheumatism just before the official inspection, they oblige the guard to rub their legs with alcohol. And while he is occupied with his task they snitch swigs of the "methylated spirits." Then, Mr. Behan finds a social humor when he points out that a gentleman prisoner who has murdered his wife is accepted into the prisoners' fraternity, but that "a bloody sexual mechanic" is not. (He returns to this sort of humor later when a convict rises in outrage at a remark against the judiciary to defend the principle that "property must have security.") Finally, Mr. Behan finds a tragic irony in a reprieved prisoner's decision to hang himself rather than face eleven years of incarceration.

But the first act is merely prologue to a gathering storm which is to involve the deepest feelings of the inmates, the guards, and every one of us who actively or passively condones capital punishment. The title phrase, which is what the prisoners call a man to be hanged (significantly, they find it necessary to use a euphemism), applies to a character we never meet and know only through the comments of others. However, his quoted remark at sundown the night before his execution ("Aren't the evenings getting a grand stretch") commends him to us. And more important than the anxieties of a particular person's death are the anxieties evoked by society's deliberate execution of any man.

While there is a universal concern and guilt-stirring about the execution, each of the characters in the play expresses his own in widely varying ways. A cold-blooded stool-pigeon bets his Sunday allotment of bacon that the hanging will go through as scheduled. Another convict refuses to help prepare the grave despite the bonus of two cigarettes. The guards, too, become edgy, torn between officiousness and compassion. As one of them says, "This is a soft job between hangings." And even the hangman shows his deep-seated resentment of society for the inhuman job it has given him by his heavy drinking, his affected casualness, and his impersonal concentration on the mechanical details of the task ahead. If there is a central figure it is a guard named Regan, who has had a zealous religious upbringing and for whom each hanging constitutes a vicarious martyrdom.

Here is a good example of Mr. Behan's talent for drawing true characters rather than shallow personifications of a belief or attitude. It would have been much simpler to make Regan an enlightened opponent of capital punishment, but Mr. Behan has a knack for tapping the contradictions within human beings with each being a mixture of "good" and "bad," "right" and "wrong." While he seems to hold a Marxist view of the world ("What's a crook? Only a business man without a shop."), he is not doctrinaire about it. In his seemingly accurate dramatization of the twists and turns of intra-prisoner hostility and camaraderie he implies, without seeming to stack the cards, that it is more honest than the intra-guard relationships where they pretend friendliness but the very next second are betraying each other.

Mr. Behan's talent is undeniable, but he has also been most fortunate to have his play produced in the round at Circle-in-the-Square. Here, with a technique which has grown steadily from production to production over an eight-year period, Jose Quintero directs the action in such a way that we live on the character's level of existence. At the same time that he achieves this impression of


Ships have changed since 1830 but the good taste of TEACHER'S never changes!
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
In a class by itself since 1830
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Scotch Whisky
86 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky
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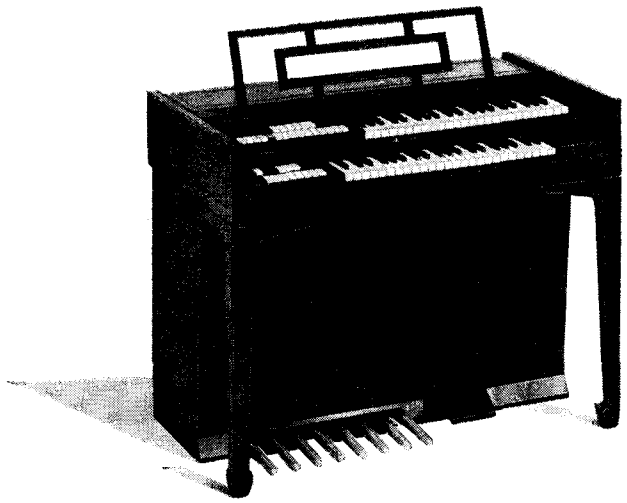

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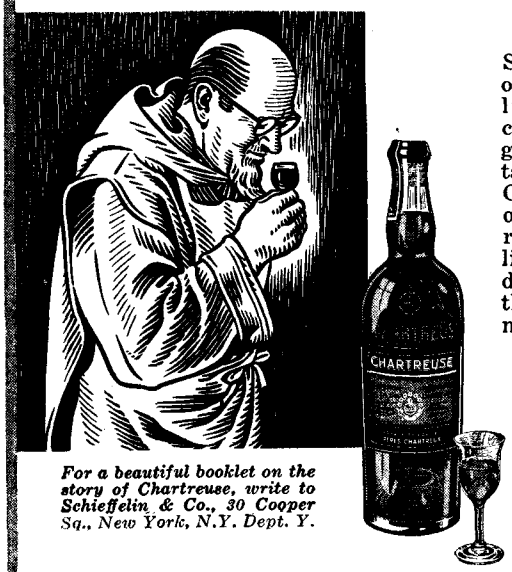

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LA GRANDE **CHARTREUSE**

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naturalness he makes each portrayal into a full portrait, and gives the proceedings a shape and form by the way he moves his actors. Here he gets glorious assistance from his scenery: David Hays's simple but extremely effective construction of wooden ramps and a black wall on which has been painted in large letters "SILENCE." The first and last impression the audience receives is of that dead wall and the sound of a rebellious prisoner who defies its edict to sing the haunting "Along the Banks of the Royal Canal."

The performances are uniformly excellent. Most memorable perhaps are Lester Rawlins as the intense Regan; Liam Clancy as a cheeky young delinquent; Roy Poole as the prison bully; and Bryan Herbert and Barry Macollum as the two oldsters. The latter have an exchange on the advantage of prison life that is a play in itself. One says, "We're too old and beat for lobbywatching and shaking down anywhere so that you'd fall down and sleep on the pavement of a winter's night and not know but you were lying snug and comfortable in the Shelburne." And the other adds, "Only then to wake up on some lobby and the hard floorboards under you and a lump of hard filth for your pillow, and the cold and drink shaking you, wishing it was morning for the market pubs to open, where if you had the price of a drink you could sit in the warm anyway. Except. God look down on you, if it was Sunday."

Perhaps it is because these and the other actors perform with such refreshing truthfulness that we put ourselves in the frame of mind to soak in the poetic atmosphere of Mr. Behan's hard world. And though its special conditions may make it seem his world, not ours, we feel the same involvement in it that the play's characters feel in the special world of "the quare fellow."

IN **"Cue for Passion"** Elmer Rice has written a modern prose parallel to "Hamlet" which he resolves with psychology instead of with poetry and philosophy. Do we go home from this tale of a cynical son who returns to Southern California to find his mother remarried glowing with the magnificent reconciliation of the temporal and eternal that Shakespeare's play achieved? No. We leave the theatre having learned that it is unwise for mothers to allow their little boys to get in bed with them too much. John Kerr and Diana Wynward give deeply anguished performances, but "Cue for Passion" tends to remain an interesting but artificial author's exercise. —HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

Talking Out Loud

IN "Small World" Edward R. Murrow has, not for the first time, combined good planning, technical skill, and sound intelligence to create what broadcasting perpetually needs: the sense of something new happening, the atmosphere of experiment. The decisive moment came early in the series when Dr. Willard Libby, who seems to make a habit of being maladroit on Murrow's programs, wondered whether Bertrand Russell's remarks on the suppression of birth-control information would remain in the edited version of the program. There was something of cold steel in Murrow's, "You'll see. They'll be there."

The complaint that "Small World" is only a radio talk-program with cameras to film the speakers is not only beside the point—it actually indicates the program's great virtue, that the talk is as simple as radio talks used to be. The combinations, which seem at first calculated only to bring incommensurables together, work out well. There was a point in putting Rickover between Rebecca West and Mark Van Doren because they talked about education, and, although Lauren Bacall obviously could have outwitted men of ten times their stature, Malcolm Muggeridge and Eric Johnston were, in the theatrical sense, "adequate." On the first program bad editing left Aldous Huxley out of the program too long at one stretch and the atmosphere was a little on the strained jocose side, but there are basic conflicts between Nehru and ex-Governor Dewey and, before the half hour was over, these had emerged and Dewey had not been overcome by the cooler intellect he challenged.

The remarkable thing is that not only the ideas, but the character-in-action of each of the participants comes out so clearly. They are separated by the seven seas, but they are intent on one another, they listen with passion. I shall not soon forget the startled look that crossed Rebecca West's face when she heard Admiral Rickover say that *Matthew* Arnold had revolutionized the English school system nor the deep, malicious satisfaction with which Lauren Bacall watched Mr. Muggeridge digging the pit (woman's place is in the home) into which she neatly tumbled him. Not to mention Rickover's unbending determination to prevent anyone from liking him—in which, unfortunately, he was hugely successful.

"Small World" doesn't attempt to take the place of "See It Now" and it runs the danger of becoming chummy, of coming apart into separated threads of conversation. The basic success of Murrow and Fred Friendly is to have captured the right tone, the atmosphere in which good conversation can take place. It is in this, and not in its world-spanning techniques, that it is superior to two other talk programs of the season.

ON THE independent and enterprising Channel 13 in New York, David Susskind has, so far, avoided a formula. He has had two guests or the entire cast of a musical show or half a dozen writers of television scripts. This flexibility is good, but the intent of the program isn't clear. It is called "Open End," which means that Mr. Susskind can continue it as long after the hour is up as he chooses—but it seems sometimes to have trouble filling the hour, the participants appearing uncomfortable as if they, too, wondered exactly what Mr. Susskind wanted or expected them to say. The prospects are good, however, because subjects, people, and Susskind himself have vitality.

THE "Ben Hecht Show" seems fated to be better known for what it does not do than for what it does. A talk with half a dozen men from Skid Row was cancelled at the last moment and as the newspapers noted (dead pan) its place was taken by a horror movie. Then a discussion with Norman Mailer on the white Negro was cancelled—this time Henry Morgan appeared and was back in his most insulting form. Somewhere the staff work is faulty. Either Mr. Hecht has or does not have choice of guests and subjects; a well-ordered network doesn't find out what's going on its air from reading the morning papers.

The programs Mr. Hecht has succeeded in bringing to the air have varied widely. I caught him first in a mood of bland oiliness about Hollywood's future and the last time I heard him he and S. J. Perelman were exchanging all the old intellectual complaints about the ignorance of Hollywood producers, nepotism, greed, and all the rest. Pretty tired stuff.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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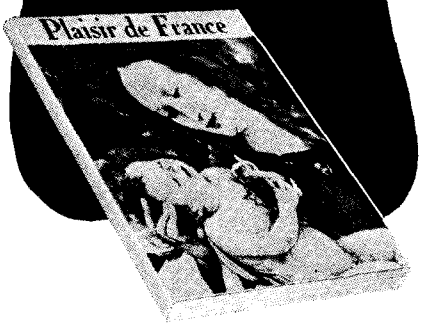

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The 3,000 Crooks of General Cook

"Hands Up; Or, Twenty Years of Detective Life in the Mountains and on the Plains" *(University of Oklahoma Press. 319 pp. $2), originally appeared in 1882 and was vended by "news butchers" on passenger trains. Walter Prescott Webb, author of "The Texas Rangers" and other books, reports on this curio for us.*

By Walter Prescott Webb

"HANDS UP" is the eleventh volume in the Western Frontier Library series launched by the University of Oklahoma Press. Four of these volumes deal with Western bandits and outlaws, such as Joaquin Murieta, Billy the Kid, and Sam Bass. Three of them are concerned with the gentlemen on the other side of the counter, the men who devoted their lives to the destruction of the outlaws, the vigilantes and famous peace officers such as D. J. Cook, whose exploits are set forth in this volume.

In his introduction Everett L. DeGolyer, Jr., says that the author of the book is unknown, that the original edition, here reprinted, appeared in 1882, and that the book was sold in paper covers by the news butchers on passenger trains. Twenty-seven episodes are related in more than fifty chapters. Whoever the author, he was an experienced writer who knew how to move straight down the trail of narration to the point where General Cook brought his bandit to heel.

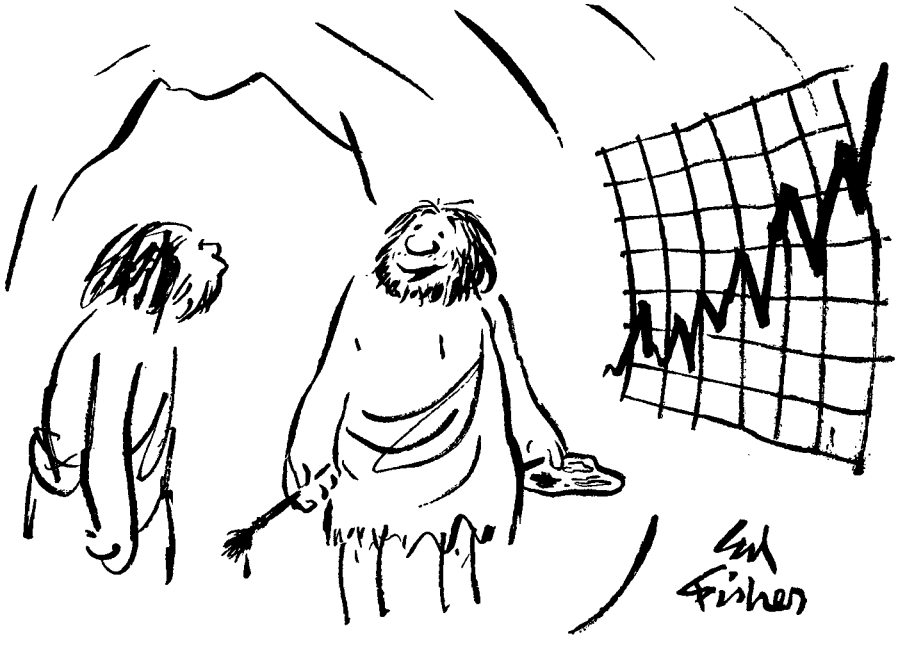
Cook did not actually catch all the outlaws himself. He organized and directed the Rocky Mountain Detective Association and was in position to call on all members of this widespread group for help. The author never lets the reader forget that Cook was the prime mover in ferreting out most of the crimes. This Rocky Mountain Detective Agency was but a variation of the Vigilantes and the Anti-Horse Thief Associations common throughout the West in the last half of the nineteenth century.

These oldtime peace officers had two qualifications which made them outstanding among their fellow gunmen. They had an intuitive understanding of how the mind of a criminal works. They could go to the scene of the crime, find the possible motive, and then figure out not only who the culprit was, but what he would be most likely to do once he had committed the crime. The second attribute of these men—whether it is essential to the trade I do not know—is that they were superb egotists. They came to believe that they were smarter than any criminal, and it is not a far step from that to believe that they were smarter than other officers. They actually were, and because they had this extra intelligence, almost an instinct, they gained fame which was often equal to their deserts.

What the public fails to understand about such men is that they are recipients of tremendous amounts of information. They never reveal the source of their information, and soon have informers from among the criminal element. In order to get this inside information, the good officer keeps faith with his informers. His word is good among them.

The author states that Cook arrested 3,000 men—a goodly number. In doing so he was never seriously injured, never lost a captive, and never allowed a prisoner—while in his hands—to suffer from mob violence. The fact that some of them were hanged shortly after being delivered to jail might bear investigation. He attributes his success to the following rules:

1. Never hit a prisoner over the head with your pistol. You might break it and then need it.
2. Never make an arrest without making sure of your authority.
3. Draw your pistol before arresting a dangerous man. If he makes no resistance no harm will be done. "My motto: It is better to kill two men than to allow one to kill you."
4. After arrest treat the prisoner as kindly as he will permit. Protect him at all costs so that men will not be afraid to surrender to you.
5. Never trust the honor of a prisoner. Nine out of ten of them have no honor.



"It doesn't actually *mean* anything—it's just, somehow, cheering."

NEAR THE PRESENCE: If you are the type who, in a city, is "always aware of the abused and abased earth beneath the pavement," you should by all means take a look at **"The Peninsula,"** by Louise Dickinson Rich (Lippincott, $4.50), for it is about an area of land on the Maine coast that has yet to be invaded by such resort status symbols as Pepperidge Farm bread and S.S. Pierce labels. Properly known as the Gouldsboro Peninsula, author Rich's unsullied land, which is only a few miles Down East by water from (heaven forbid!) Bar Harbor, is "a last outpost of individualism," a place where the basic values and ways of life have, except for small details like the advent of electricity and the gasoline engine, remained immune to

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change. For here the people still bear the names of their ancestors, names like Ishmael and Eliphalet or Cedelia and Lovisa. Here, too, their expressions and speech (based originally, according to Mrs. Rich, on Elizabethan English) are authentically Down East. Referring to a person who is quietly pursuing his own private ends, for instance, the Peninsulan will say, "The still pig gets the swill."

But the most important feature of the Peninsula is that the inhabitants live closely with nature—in this case, the sea that all but surrounds them and from which they draw their living. "It is," writes Mrs. Rich, who now spends every summer observing it from her cabin on one of the Peninsula's points, "a Presence, impossible to forget or to ignore." And she does not ignore it. It is all here from a description of a morning on a lobster boat to a recipe for just about every Maine seafood. There's also a history of the Peninsula, a description of the local country store with its "Liars' Bench," and a section devoted to obituaries, which, on the Peninsula, tell you not only the exact manner in which a man died, but also include a character sketch of him. To live on the Peninsula is, Mrs. Rich sums up, "to live again the old American dream of a frontier."

While this may very well be, it seems to this reader that author Rich (who will be remembered for her chronicle of inland life, "We Took to the Woods") protests too much and that, apart from certain regional peculiarities, life on the Peninsula is not, in essential values, too different from life in any isolated area where the people are dependent upon nature. But this should not hinder the true members of "the abased earth beneath the pavement" school from enjoying her book. Nor will they, or anyone else for that matter, disapprove of the morals Mrs. Rich draws from her life on the Peninsula—"that isolation is not estrangement from life," and "that one cannot live in a true community with others until he has learned to live with himself."

—E. P. Monroe.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Edward Fitzgerald, translator, "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." 2. Ben Jonson, "Queen and Huntress." 3. John eats, "Endymion." 4. Psalm 148:3. 5. Philip Sidney, "Astrophel and Stella." 6. Shakespeare, Enobarbus in "Antony and Cleopatra" (IV, ix). 7. Percy Bysshe Shelley, "To the Moon." 8. Edmund Spenser, "Epithalamion." 9. Wallace Stevens, "God Is Good. It Is a Beautiful Night." 10. Walt Whitman, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd."

HOMO SAPIENS

The Faint Outline of Global Law

"Human Rights and World Order: The Struggle for Human Rights in the United Nations," by Moses Moskowitz *(Oceana Press. 250 pp. $3.95), is an especially pertinent volume to ponder during December, the tenth of which was Human Rights Day. The author's thesis is discussed below by Roger Baldwin, chairman of the International League for the Rights of Man.*

By Roger Baldwin

EVIDENTLY aware that the Charter's opening line, "We, the Peoples of the United Nations" could not mean governments alone, the framers provided for the voice of the peoples through international nongovernmental organizations. More than 100 of them now constitute a semi-official lobby. Among them the influential Consultative Council of Jewish Organizations—British, French, and American—has been represented for the last decade at the United Nations by Moses Moskowitz. He, like me, specializes in all the diverse phases of human rights. But unlike me or any of his colleagues, he has labored to review the record and his experience with a critical eye.

It makes discouraging reading in the light of the Charter concept of human rights as a bulwark of peace, and of the high hopes aroused by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, whose tenth anniversary the United Nations so widely celebrates this December. But above all discouragement Mr. Moskowitz sustains his faith in the development of world law under the United Nations to protect individuals and minorities everywhere. He particularly argues the case for the inclusive covenants of political, economic, and social rights—bogged down in drafting now for almost ten long years and with the prospect of still ten more long years to complete, with eighty nations debating every word of some seventy articles.

The prospect does not dishearten Mr. Moskowitz as it does most of his colleagues. He is willing to wait while processes of education and accommodation work. He foresees a system under which governments which ratify the covenants will permit a United Nations authority to investigate and act on violations of the rights of their own citizens after proper screening by an "Attorney General."

Some tendencies, notably in the new Court of Human Rights under the Council of Europe, appear to justify such a prospect; and it cannot be denied that many signs point to the extension of international law beyond the relations of states to the relation of states to individuals. The old minorities system of the League of Nations dealt with individuals; so does the present trusteeship system of the United Nations.

But the resistance of almost all governments to any international interference in their domestic affairs promises slight hope of a general jurisdiction under present world conflict and division. Mr. Moskowitz recognizes these hard realities; but, like most of us at the United Nations, he recognizes, too, the faint outlines of world law ready for use when nationalist passions and fears subside. Arms control would appear to be the essential base for world law, though Mr. Moskowitz does not so approach it. He focuses on the functions of study and debate, which he sees as a "crucible in which are being crystalized all contemporary ideas and ideals of human rights." The endless debates, he figures, are having a "profound effect," even if the covenants are not accepted by enough states in the foreseeable future to create a system of world law.

Maybe. The view strikes me as wishful. But I would subscribe to a proposition he does not state, that human rights have advanced measurably in the last decade, with and

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without United Nations assistance. One subject people after another have risen to national freedom; the rights of women all over the world have advanced toward equality with men. Racial discrimination has diminished. Awareness of human rights is evident in the 60,000 complaints of their violation received by the United Nations in the last ten years—about which, incidentally, nothing whatever is done. The Universal Declaration as a standard for all peoples is reflected increasingly in law and practice; it is the basis for all subsequent work by the United Nations.

The defection of the United States from the United Nations's human rights efforts is duly noted by Mr. Moskowitz, who does not score as he might those Senators responsible for putting states' rights above human rights and so rejecting American participation in world law by ratifying United Nations covenants.

Careful documentation provides the texts of the Declaration, the covenants under debate, and the project for a U.N. Attorney General, which Mr. Moskowitz has embraced with enthusiasm. René Cassin, former chairman of the Human Rights Commission, president of the French Conseil d'Etat, gives the volume his blessing.

Criminal Record

ELLERY QUEEN'S 13th ANNUAL. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Random House.* $3.50. Baker's dozen of short stories from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* by Agatha Christie, Stuart Palmer, Stanley Ellin, Hugh Pentecost, *et al.*; crimes run from murder to income tax fraud; settings take in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, London. Usual high-quality selection.

ALL MEN ARE MURDERERS. *By Lee Blackstock. Crime Club.* $2.95. English novelist (male), fresh from divorce mill, seeks forgetfulness in Scottish Highlands in midwinter; killer on loose proves no diversion; much bad temper shown; localities like Beinn Fhada, Geart Aonach, Buachaille Etive Mor abound. Ho-hum.

REQUIEM FOR A BLONDE. *By Kelley Roos. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Martha's Vineyard reunion of old-time show girls (Florodora types) comes apart when body turns up on beach; everyone is "sweet," "darling," "honey"; state cops query. Who's who, and why?

MANY BRAVE HEARTS. *By Donald M. Douglass. Harper.* $2.95. Major Bolivar Manchenil, police chief on Caribbean island, takes trip on Danish freighter after death strikes twice among craft's dozen passengers. Not up to author's magnificent "Rebecca's Pride," but still a first-rate job, with high-grade comedy.

UNDIPLOMATIC EXIT. *By John Sherwood. Crime Club.* $2.95. Mystery shooting of a British ambassador to Near Eastern country puts next-in-command on spot; pro-Nasser uprising adds to pandemonium; chatty opening is forgotten as tale picks up pace and roars on to brisk climax. Well handled, with revealing and knowledgeable background.

TREASURY AGENT. *By Andrew Tully. Simon & Schuster.* $4.95. Dope merchants, hoods, moonshiners, diamond smugglers, kidnappers, tax evaders (including insiders), counterfeiters, assassins (including would-be's)—all are here in abundance in this excellent case-history package of taut, straightforward reporting; no time or words wasted. Subtitled "inside story," and is.

THE BIG GAMBLE. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $2.95. Kent Murdock, Boston press photographer, plans Cape Cod golfing party, but auto smash, beatings-up, killings, room searches, gunfire break up medal play. Holds up nicely.

THE DEAD MAN'S KNOCK. *By John Dickson Carr. Harper.* $2.95. Charmer's murder in Virginia college community (locked-room deal) dithers faculty; Wilkie Collins invoked; things go bump as bibliothecal poltergeist stirs stumps; copy of *SR* comes in handy; two-caned, multichinned Dr. Gideon Fell thunders, harrumphs, and solves case. For JDC devotees.

DEATH WATCH. *By John Ward Hawkins. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Here are two longish tales, each located in big city inside cyanide belt, each a Pauline-in-peril job; in first, one of police detail guarding key witness must be guilty of plotting her death (and is); in second, trio of delinquents hold widow, who also sees too much. Four-star high-tension performances.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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The Larger Regions

"Human Potentialities," by Gardner Murphy *(Basic Books. 340 pp. $6), points to a new dimension for society, a "third human nature." The conception is appraised by Robert Bierstedt, chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at the City College of New York, whose most recent book is "The Social Order."*

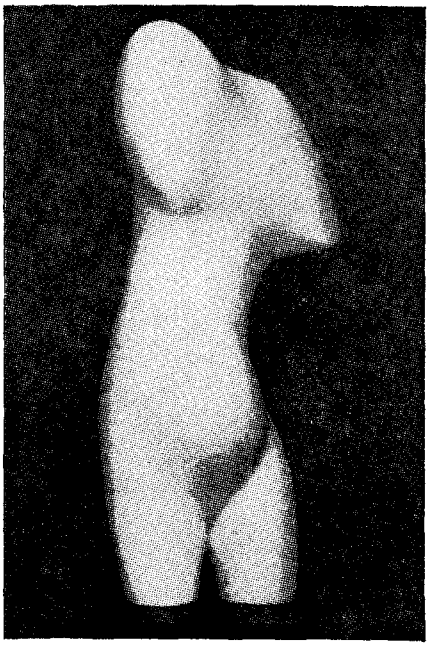
By Robert Bierstedt

THE best of scientists chafe at times under the restraints that method imposes upon the imagination and yearn for the day when, like poets and publicists, they can speculate about the human condition and about the present and future prospects of mankind. They too want to reach out into those larger regions that contain the problems of history and to say something significant about moral issues that agitate the modern world.

Some of them succumb to this temptation. A psychologist would seem to be better suited than many to combine the conclusions gained from his own research with those other insights he arrives at when he is off duty, so to speak, and thinking as a man and citizen. Among contemporary psychologists few are better equipped to indulge in this sort of speculation than Gardner Murphy, who is one of the distinguished members of his profession, a former president of the American Psychological Association, author of many books, and director of research at the Menninger Foundation.

In his new book Mr. Murphy is interested, as all of us must be, in our chances of survival and—more than that—in our ultimate fulfillment as human beings. What do we need to know in order to realize this fulfillment? What can we do, with our environment and with ourselves, to direct our destinies into satisfying directions? How can we "break through the mold" in which custom has imprisoned us and attain new heights of creativity?

He approaches his answers by maintaining that there are three human natures, not one. The first of these is constituted of the biological equipment with which we are endowed as members of a particular species. This one, sometimes called "original nature," is distinctly human; it differentiates us from the other animals, it explains our more complex capacities, and, though Julian Huxley does not agree, it may still be responding to evolutionary development.



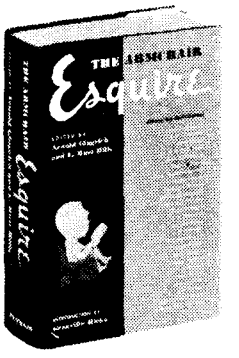
JEAN ARP is a master of many media. Founder of Dadaism, he is also renowned for his sculpture, drawings, and collages. **"Arp"** (Doubleday, $4.50), edited by James Thrall Soby, is a profusely illustrated book that amply displays the artist's versatility. "Torso," above, was sculpted in 1953.

The second human nature is that overlay of culture which gives to the members of each society those ways of doing things that are transmitted from one generation to another not through the germ plasm but rather through the learning process. This is the "nature" that is acquired by living with others in societies and this is the "nature" too that distinguishes the English from the Eskimo.

But there is a third human nature. This is the dimension that men achieve when they break through the culture that contains them and discover something new: a new tool or a new idea or a new way of doing things. It is the need for this dimension at the present time and the author's optimism that we can find or create it that carry him through the pages of his book. He believes that we can win through and that, by utilizing the potentialities we indubitably have, lead ourselves and our fellows into a richer and safer society.

Mr. Murphy's intent is a serious one. He brings to his task a large erudition and a high moral purpose. The net result, however, is less than wholly satisfactory. There is a certain lack of specificity in his recommendations and a tendency to indulge too often in exhortation. We are in favor of fulfillment as we are against sin and, although we applaud the sermon as superior, we still do not quite know what to do to be saved.

Christmas books for everyone



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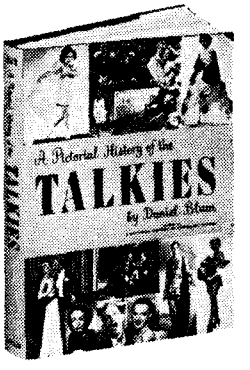

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12-13

War . . .

Continued from page 19

shore-to-shore attack worked out by the Army. American inventors contributed strange amphibious craft and vehicles to the tactical system that opened up Africa, Europe, and the islands of the Pacific to invasion without taking a single major defeat.

The Japanese on the beaches of Leyte were no more able to stop the Americans than the Germans had been in Normandy. Admiral Morison describes with understanding all the complex phases of the amphibious troop landings.

These fights were the prelude to the naval battle in which Japanese admirals gambled the remnants of a fleet badly beaten four months before in the Battle of the Philippine Sea. It was a desperate throw of the dice but not a stupid one. Morison credits the enemy with as good a plan as could probably have been devised, and he points out American errors in judgment which nearly led to defeat instead of the victory that broke the sprained back of Japan's sea power.

More than 200 pages are given to the account of one of the greatest naval battles of all time. An old salt himself, the septuagenarian author is in his element here. There is no more difficult a field of historical writing and no more capable an exponent. Without his guidance the reader would often be bewildered by one of the most complicated of all naval engagements. But Admiral Morison doesn't let a gusto for sea warfare blind him to the sufferings and deaths

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of the combatants. Nor does he let a gift for a striking phrase undermine his accuracy and objectivity.

There are sometimes too many unexplained technical terms and too much alphabet soup for the lay reader. But excellent maps and photographs are compensation, and "Leyte" emerges as one of the best books of a series lacking only two volumes of completion.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AT TSU-SHIMA: In October of 1904 the Russian Second Pacific Squadron sailed to lift the Japanese naval blockade of Port Arthur, in Manchuria. That the squadron's twenty-two fighting ships were about an even match in fire power for Admiral Togo's forces would have been enough to focus the world's interest on the inevitable battle; but there was one additional factor that made their departure as dramatic as that of any fleet since King Phillip's Armada: the Russians had to sail 18,000 miles from the Baltic port of Reval, without access to a single friendly base for repairs, before they could engage the enemy on his own home waters.

In **"The Fleet That Had to Die"** (Viking, $3.95) Richard Hough tells the story of that seven-month journey and its bloody finale in the twenty-four-hour battle of Tsu-shima with a fine sense of its epic qualities, and an even greater feeling for the tragic fate of the tortured Russian commander, Vice Admiral Rozhestvensky. This driving perfectionist was surrounded by officers and men hardly capable of piloting coal barges in a one-lane canal. Nevertheless he got the squadron underway even though three battleships went aground as they left the harbor, and in spite of the fact that his trigger-happy captains almost blew the British fishing fleet at Dogger Bank out of the water under the impression that it was a force of Japanese torpedo boats. After arranging for half a million tons of coal to be delivered by ship along his route, he journeyed around Africa and across the Indian Ocean, coaling at sea in storm and man-killing heat, towing his destroyers to save fuel, fighting the Slavic melancholy that drove many of his sailors to jump overboard in mid-ocean, and quelling the sabotage and mutiny of well-organized Marxists in wardroom and mess deck.

Then, his ships having arrived off French-held Cochin-China, bottoms fouled with a foot of seaweed, decks loaded down with coal, machinery needing repairs, the neutral French denied him a secure anchorage to prepare for the fight with the Japanese. Somehow Rozhestvensky overcame all these difficulties and headed for the Straits of Tsu-shima, between Korea and Japan, hoping either to slip through to the Russian base at Vladivostok or to draw Togo's fleet into a fight and destroy it.

What was the tragic flaw in this man who could, after commanding a voyage of which Odysseus or Magellan might have been proud, stand on his flag bridge at Tsu-shima and give an order that turned his fleet into a mob milling around purposelessly under Togo's guns? As the author presents this flaw, it was apparently Rozhestvensky's terrible nervous energy, which he expended so prodigiously in getting his squadron halfway around the world, and which then left him morose and listless at the great moment. Perhaps his final indecision was the product of his knowledge of the ill-trained force he commanded. This gang of champagne-guzzling officers and potato-digging peasants might be whipped through the seamanship and navigation required by the great voyage, but only years of training would have given them the accurate gunnery, the dashing ship handling, and the stoical steadiness under fire that characterized the superb Japanese navy under Togo. It is customary to point out that Japan was only fifty years or so out of feudalism when she defeated Russia in 1905. As Mr. Hough's fascinating history shows, Russia was hardly beyond feudalism herself. The thirty-odd ships and the thousands of men she lost at Tsu-shima are a monument to the backwardness and folly of a nation that was soon to decline into revolution and ruthless dictatorship.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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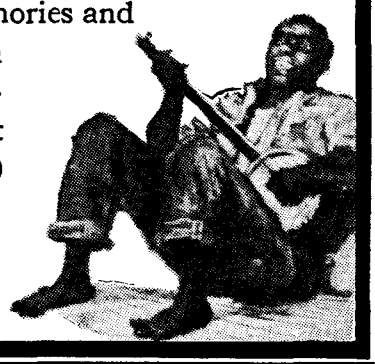

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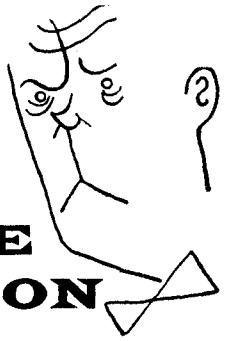

EDDIE CONDON refuses to join our Club . . .

His beat is the night beat, we know, but we still thought he'd fall for the off-beat islands — the golden Caribbean sands. Not jazzman Condon. A gregarious type, he gets nervous on a beach by himself. He hates steel bands. He can't stand rum. "What kind of a club is this," he asked, "with no clubhouse?"

It's true *Islands in the Sun Club* doesn't have a clubhouse — doesn't hold meetings. Members just sit back and let us do the work. Our reporters and photographers explore the little known islands — Nevis, Barbuda, Antigua, St. Maarten and others near and far. Imaginatively recreating each place as no guide book ever does, we report on the people — native and expatriate, the inns — deluxe and not so, the chances of starting a business, cottages for rent, the price of island beachland.

We'll miss Condon, but fortunately such non-conformist travelers as John Huston, Cleveland Amory, Cecil Beaton and James Mason are among the hundreds of perceptive individuals who have come aboard with us. Six Reports on eight or more islands a year cost $10. But this is not a Club anyone should join hastily. Try it with one toe first. Send your check for $2 and we'll send you a Report with a bill for the balance of the membership fee. If, like Mr. Condon, you've got to have a clubhouse just tear up the bill and keep the Report. We'll hate you but we'll understand.

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

dramatic excitement on his own part.

All this is a pity, for if one wants to step into the life and color of ancient Israel this book is an excellent gateway. A discerning editor and a remorseless blue pencil would have made it a much better book and a more exciting one.

Masonic Madness

***"This Woman," by Pietro di Donato** (Ballantine. 220 pp. Hardbound, $3. Paper, 50¢), is a robust story about a lusty bricklayer and his widowed lady friend. Nelson Algren, who is the author of "Man with the Golden Arm" and "Walk on the Wild Side," discusses the novel below.*

By Nelson Algren

"CHRIST IN CONCRETE," a novel published two decades ago by Pietro di Donato, was an essentially simple story, impeded in its telling by a manner so declamatory that *Esquire* magazine, mistaking a profuse use of exclamation marks for heights of passion, hailed the little novel as a major achievement. Meanwhile a minor classic of Italian-American life was bypassed. This was "Wait Until Spring, Bandini," by John Fante.

The novel at hand, Mr. di Donato's second, is the story of a hotelkeeper's widow and a bricklayer. Described by its publishers as "a brilliant and daring study of obsessive desire and physical and spiritual passion that drives close to madness"—actually it isn't all that bad. You'll put it aside long before you snap. For here, as in his earlier work, Mr. D. is making Literature, depending upon verbal gimmicks rather than true emotion. Indeed, it reads less like a novel than it does like watching a play performed by people on pogo sticks in a fog. One is made aware of considerable leaping about up there, but the cries of lust, rage, revenge, and love fail to come clear of the literary mist.

"Lustral goddings in the closed-eye seeing moment. Where was it told that he had been slave to toiling Job and the lavatory-used in lesser men's piece-identities?"

Not only that, but her petticoat hung like crazy.

"He groaned with acid laughter. His love, a writhing tower of wet ganglionic lustations, distorted living portraited nudes, wriggling spasming fusillading genitals, fractional identities reflecting the shameless orbs of the hand foot belly mouth"—the idea, which wanders like a riderless horse all over the course, is that the bricklayer does most of his masonry in bed. Incidentally, he is the only stud in American letters who can kiss, chortle, and hold a spelldown simultaneously:

> Mimicking what he supposed had been the tenor voice of her husband he said acidly while kissing her: "Did daddy, J,A,C,K, kiss you like this, or like this, or did he slip his tongue into your mouth like this!"

Leaving this reader mystified as to why the English language, so wonderfully adaptable to storytelling, should be employed, and with such intensity, not to reveal but to conceal. This is the use to which the Screaming Gush, or Zen Hipster Academy has recently perverted it, for the very plain reason that when you have nothing to say, it sounds better if you howl it.

"Where has he somethinged before? The present squeezes through part by part, babies down between the cylindrical thinnest of the hourglass, as long as there is the echo of the something." This isn't just God-awful prose—it's downright bad manners. I submit that when a reader forks over the price of a novel, he has the right to expect the common courtesy of coherence.

The affair between the widow and the bricklayer is resolved when "a vaulting apocalypse illuminated him. His immediately pagan satyr mortal and Catholic Soul eternal dashed into close secret embrace. He arose, ran to Isa and their child, clasped to him the hearth and sacred fire."

What do you know—a detachable fireplace!

SIBLING IN THE SQUARE: Constance Loveland's first novel, **"Veronica"** (Vanguard, $3.50), chronicles a whirlwind year in the life of a teen-aged brat. Midway between mixed-up and beat, the heroine, Ronnie, sets the tone in the first sentence, when she says, "Well, I'm going to a psychiatrist . . . big deal." The basic trouble with Ronnie is her sister Judy. Judy, eighteen months older than Ronnie, seems like a nice kid—sensible, talented, and serious. She is perhaps a bit too sweet, but not holier-than-thou. Nevertheless, Ronnie is still suffering from a severe case of sibling rivalry, as her analyst keeps telling her, and she constantly runs away from things. This year it was college. After three weeks, Ronnie stopped going. That's when

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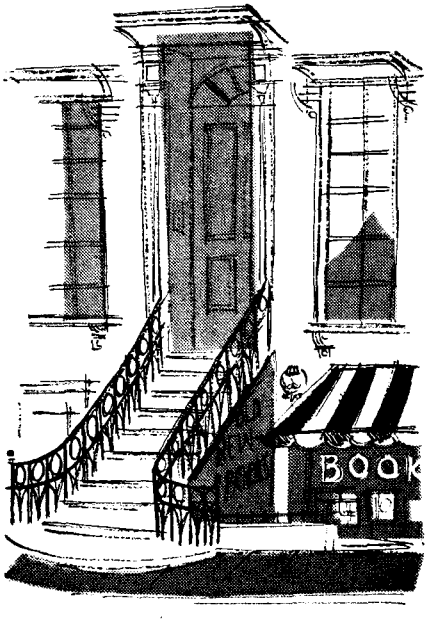
Momma decided to turn her daughter over, part-time, to a psychiatrist.

It turns out to be a very busy year for Ronnie. In rapid succession, she gives up college, walks off a number of jobs, and then decides to have an affair with or even marry an older man. The older man, Irvin, a mystery-story writer whom she picks up in Washington Square, may be older in years, but he sounds like a case of arrested development. Quickly succumbing to Ronnie's brattish charms, he wants to whisk her over the border for a mysterious marriage and a honeymoon in Mexico. Ronnie shows that her psychiatrist has helped a little when she decides not to marry Irvin, but she promptly reverts to type when she takes off on a midnight convertible ride to Ohio. The ride ends in a ditch, and Ronnie in the hospital.

Ronnie's emotional revelation comes later. On her first day home from the hospital, she finds her big chance to be the center of attraction has been snatched by Judy. The awakening comes when Ronnie gives up trying to steal every scene in life and realizes that she is tied to other people by her very inadequacy. Once she realizes the common denominator with "every person on earth," she succeeds in relating to "a whole roomful of people." As if living through a year's growing pains with Veronica wasn't enough, Veronica thinks—and always out loud. The book is laced with her choice epithets, *viz.*, "I have to be honest with people I love" and "if a person is really free, they lock him up so the rest of the sheep won't get ideas."

It is a pity Miss Loveland wasted her talents on Ronnie. For though it is difficult to care much about Veronica, the author shows that she can write entertainingly and with affectionate insight.

—Mary Sullivan Simons.



"Selected Writings"

Continued from page 14

or puzzled the numerous admirers of the novel.

One can say that all Pasternak's early prose is autobiographical—whether disguised under the impressions of a little girl (the charming "The Childhood of Luvers" and "The Stranger") or directly dealing with personal recollections as in the "Safe Conduct" (by far the most mature and significant composition in the volume). This poetic autobiography, which mixes a few facts with a profusion of metaphors, defies any chronological sequence, has no plot or character portrayal, and hardly fits any prescribed literary forms. It tells of Pasternak's first encounter with Rainer Maria Rilke, the great German poet he admired so much, of his friendship with Scriabin, and his long but unsuccessful love affair with music, which he replaced by life-long devotion to literature; it describes his student years in Marburg, where he studied philosophy under Cohen, and shifts to the post-revolutionary era in Russia when he became associated with Mayakovsky. The passages on Mayakovsky's death are among the most brilliant and moving in the whole "Safe Conduct." We have here but glimpses into the development of Pasternak's personality, but they convey the same impression of the writer as his recent novel. In "Safe Conduct," as well as in minor pieces such as "Aerial Ways" or "Letters from Tula," he looks at history from the heights of fate and imagination; he tries to establish the link between man and the universe, and he defends his right to dream and to create, to enjoy life or to experience "this fit of sadness which rattles and rises like the quicksilver in Torricelli's tube."

It can be objected that "Safe Conduct" and other stories are oversophisticated and written in a complex, at times esoteric style. From 1931 to 1958 Pasternak certainly managed to cover a great distance—and he gained in simplicity and directness of expression, while his symbolic intimations have become more subtle and less obvious.

But all the remarkable specimens of his early prose we have the opportunity of rereading in the "Selected Writings" are variations on one theme which runs like a leitmotif through all his work and constitutes the poet's main concern: the birth and growth of the creative process as man's greatest achievement, highest mystery, and the only way of communion with divine forces.

LANGUAGE WATCHER AT WORK

Ted Bernstein is assistant managing editor of The New York Times, and he watches the language of 600-odd Times editors and newsmen. Catches mistakes the experts make. Like:

". . . he said that 104 U. S. citizens visited his country between 1953 and 1954." When, asks Bernstein, was that?

"Elm Beetle Infestation Ravishing Thousands of Trees in Greenwich." "Insex?" muses Bernstein. "Keep your mind on your work, buster. The word you want is 'ravaging.'"

Timesmen learn about their occasional literary sins—misused words, colorless writing, faulty syntax—in an "inside" bulletin Ted has edited for seven years. It's "one of the world's best correspondence courses," says *Harper's Magazine.*

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Christos' parents were married just after the war when everyone hoped for a better future. Instead, Communist inspired uprisings spread over the country. Christos' father, joined the National Guard and took part in many battles. When guerilla bands entered his village they destroyed his house and burned all his belongings.

Life for Christos' family began all over—from nothing. They now live in a hut with a roof of straw. They own three pieces of furniture. All must sleep on straw mats on the cold earthen floor. Their only property is a quarter acre of land which the father cultivates early in the morning and after dark. During the daylight hours he must work on other farmers' land for daily wages to buy food.

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Literary Horizons

Continued from page 16

too productive. You can't convince the public that a man is turning out a masterpiece every year, even if it happens to be true. If, on the other hand, you can advertise "so-and-so's first novel in five years," the public is quick to conclude that it must be worth reading.

Critics gladly join in the game. "Across the River" was Hemingway's first book in ten years, and the question most reviewers asked themselves was whether it was as good as a book for which one had waited a decade ought to be. Naturally they concluded that it wasn't. Faulkner's "A Fable" suffered in the same fashion because he had expressed the opinion that it was his greatest work. On the other hand, the way reviewers are thrown off balance can work to a book's advantage. "The Old Man" was unmistakably a better book than "Across the River," but it was not quite the masterpiece that many reviewers, some of them probably aware that they had been too hard on the earlier book, proclaimed it. If it had appeared in the course of what once would have been regarded as a normally productive career, its substantial virtues would have been seen in better perspective.

I admire both Faulkner and Hemingway, and I refuse to join in the chorus that goes, "Yah, yah, they're finished!" If their recent books are not their best books, they still are worth cherishing, and who knows what may happen next year or the year after? On the other hand, it is true that literary careers in the twentieth century have a way of petering out, and although there are many explanations for this, the phenomenon I have been discussing has to be taken into account.

Three years ago a career—not, as it happened, an American career—ended without having petered out. Thomas Mann took his work with Germanic seriousness, and he aimed at the creation of masterpieces if ever a man did, but he thought of himself as a practising writer, not a prizefighter. He undertook his most ambitious work, the Joseph series, when he was over fifty, and in due season he finished it, even though he had to write most of it in exile. It was a worthy climax to his career, but he went on living and so he went on writing, and in his eighth decade he wrote four novels, all of them distinguished, no two of them alike. How one would like to fathom the secret of a career like that!

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Compensations for loss or damage.	64 51 159 174 38 29 143 146 190 16 81
B. Movable pieces which hold entrances closed by falling into notches or cavities (2 wds.).	17 68 100 129 192 168 105 176 184 71 127
C. The ancient Greek acropolis which was site of spring of Pirene and famous temple of Aphrodite.	37 122 56 102 144 92 118 18 197 183 41
D. Anticipation.	6 130 139 48 108 12 35 84 121
E. Everlasting.	150 156 187 33 86 3 43
F. Hertzian undulation sixty meters or less in length (2 wds.).	115 31 125 24 112 98 50 131 149
G. Untrue; false.	114 97 74 53 79 11 147 59 19
H. Proverbial achievement by many hands (2 wds.).	191 171 75 137 193 163 58 108 25
I. Shouted a greeting (colloq. and common, but not yet in Webster).	1 46 157 153 160 194 196 188
J. Contrivance in a timepiece which controls the motion of the train of wheelwork and keeps things going steadily.	77 36 20 175 128 73 195 104 26 119
K. Python of India and Ceylon which sometimes gets to be 20 feet long.	181 166 141 42 34 95 49

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Add encouragement to (someone).	57 2 99 23 133 76 83 132 179
M. To affirm positively.	82 87 167 63 47 110 9 123 152 55
N. Companionship of people on equal, friendly terms.	93 39 126 158 138 28 45 106 89 173
O. Motion picture made with a camera on a dolly, which follows actors from one set to another (2 wds.).	40 182 80 72 145 161 65 120 164 60
P. One thing Lenthall said he had not, "nor tongue to speak here, but as the House is pleased to direct me" (3 wds.).	111 94 107 7 186 155 140 91
Q. What is "given" in Word N (2 wds.).	69 61 44 113 88 85 5 172 135
R. Beautiful Scottish river, celebrated by Wordsworth, Scott, and Hogg (2 wds.).	70 117 4 151 142 189 136 170 30 177 124
S. Famous "Bey" who was leader of Young Turks from 1908, became absolute ruler.	78 62 54 180 15
T. Power invoked several times in Mr. Truman's radio remarks on becoming President (2 wds.).	96 101 90 14 185 148 116 10 66 21 162
U. Form of general entrance to many large buildings (2 wds.).	165 8 22 154 67 103 32 134 169 52 178 27 13

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 I	2 L	3 E	4 R		5 Q	6 D	7 P	8 U	9 M		10 T	11 G	12 D	13 U
	14 T		15 S	16 A	17 B	18 C	19 G	20 J	21 T	22 U	23 L	24 F		25 H	26 J	27 U	28 N
29 A		30 R	31 F	32 U	33 E	34 K	35 D		36 J	37 C	38 A	39 N		40 O	41 C	42 K	43 E
44 Q	45 N		46 I	47 M	48 D	49 K		50 F	51 A	52 U		53 G	54 S	55 M	56 C		57 L
58 H	59 G	60 O	61 Q	62 S	63 M		64 A	65 O		66 T	67 U	68 B	69 Q	70 R		71 B	72 O
73 J	74 G		75 H	76 L	77 J	78 S	79 G		80 O	81 A		82 M	83 L		84 D	85 Q	86 E
87 M		88 Q	89 N	90 T	91 P		92 C	93 N		94 P	95 K	96 T	97 G		98 F	99 L	100 B
	101 T	102 C	103 U	104 J		105 B	106 N	107 P		108 D	109 H	110 M	111 P		112 F	113 Q	114 G
	115 F	116 T	117 R	118 C		119 J	120 O	121 D		122 C	123 M	124 R	125 F	126 N	127 B		128 J
129 B	130 D	131 F	132 L		133 L	134 U	135 Q		136 R	137 H	138 N		139 D	140 P	141 K	142 R	143 A
144 C	145 O		146 A	147 G		148 T	149 F	150 E	151 R		152 M	153 I	154 U	155 P	156 E		157 I
158 N	159 A		160 I	161 O	162 T		163 H	164 O	165 U	166 K	167 M		168 B	169 U	170 R	171 H	172 Q
	173 N	174 A	175 J	176 B	177 R		178 U	179 L		180 S	181 K	182 O	183 C	184 B		185 T	186 P
187 E	188 I		189 R	190 A	191 H	192 B		193 H	194 I		195 J	196 I	197 C				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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Chess Corner—4

WHAT is a brilliancy? A splendiferous Queen sacrifice? Subtle shenanigans? Or masterly maneuvers? That is the question.

Brilliancy awards of the past were full of argument and error. During one altercation, a committeeman referred to his colleague as being "either a moron or a knave." So divergent were the views, standardization of judgment was effected.

One authority set up a yardstick of his own. The brilliancy should be correct, ingenious, and economical. A glittering brilliancy in five moves is less attractive in a game than a commonplace crusher in four. It should be perilous, exciting, spectacular, original, rich in depth, and containing diverse combinations. The actual combinations should be implemented with concealed combinations which occur only in the notes. To boot, the loser should have put up a goodly measure of resistance, and a logical coherence should predominate the entire play. These are the sundry qualities which make for brilliancy.

The game below is a brilliancy.

DUTCH DEFENSE

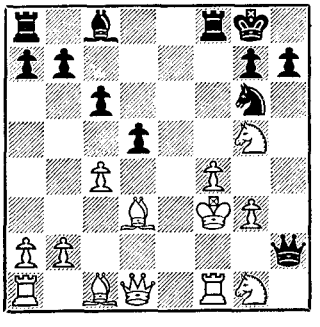
Glucksberg White			M. Najdorf Black	
1	P-Q4	P-KB4	5 P-K3	P-B3
2	P-QB4	N-KB3	6 B-Q3	B-Q3
3	N-QB3	P-K3	7 0-0	0-0
4	N-B3	P-Q4	8 N-K2	QN-Q2

9 N-N5?

An impetuous assault, nicely refuted.

9	....	BxRP ch	15 K-B3	P-K4!
10	K-R1	N-N5	16 QPxP	QNxPch
11	P-B4	Q-K1	17 PxN	NxPch
12	P-KN3	Q-R4	18 K-B4	N-N3ch
13	K-N2	B-N8	19 K-B3	P-B5!
14	NxB	Q-R7ch	20 KPxP	.....

BLACK



WHITE

20	.....	B-N5ch
21	KxB	N-K4ch
22	PxN	P-R4 mate

Seven sacrifices. This game is known as the Polish Immortal.

—AL HOROWITZ,
three-time U.S. Open Champion.

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Dr. Henry Hurwitz, Jr., Ph.D., Harvard (1941), is a former faculty member at Cornell University and was a theoretical physicist at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory during World War II. He joined General Electric in 1946, worked for ten years in the field of fission power at the Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory, and now serves as manager of the *Nucleonics and Radiation Section* at the General Electric Research Laboratory.

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General Electric's Dr. Henry Hurwitz, Jr., leads a long-range program in thermonuclear research

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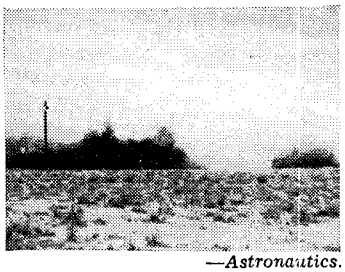

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait—XXXIII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: A Cosmic Christmas Carol

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *UNROLLING TOMORROW*
- *TWO SHADES OF RED*
- *EGO ECHO*

THE photograph at our masthead above is a picture of Col. John Paul Stapp at work. You can't see the Colonel for dust. He's in that cloud to the right of the pole, sitting on a rocket-powered sled.

Colonel Stapp is the subject of our Personality Portrait this month, and you can read about him on page 49. The sketcher of the Portrait is Irwin Hersey, editor of *Astronautics,* official journal of the American Rocket Society, which last month elected the Colonel as its president for the year 1959.

Our purpose in mentioning Colonel Stapp here is to bring out a point Mr. Hersey doesn't touch on. What we have in mind is the Colonel's personal role in speeding the passing of the wheel as a means of locomotion.

Of all the mechanical devices man has invented in his million years of living on the planet Earth, the wheel is the only basic one that was not suggested to him by his own body. The lever, the hinge, the piston, the sleeve, the pulley, the swivel, the bearing, the rod, the rope, the funnel, the bellows, the clamp—all those were present in his physical being and had but to be noticed and copied. The wheel was unique. It rolled out of man's mind. The idea of fitting an axle to a cylinder in such a way as first to carry man's burdens and then to bear man himself was a flash of creative imagination unmatched before or since. It happened so very long ago that we haven't even an approximation of the time. And in the barrow, the cart, the wagon, and self-propelled vehicles of ever-expanding size, man has moved himself and his goods around the globe at a constantly accelerating pace ever since. If we divide human history into ages according to the one tool whose use extends throughout the period, the age of the wheel is the longest of all the ages of man except the age of fire.

Now, in Colonel Stapp's exploits, we are witnessing the opening phase of the wheel's disappearance as a prime mover of man's story. Not that we expect the wheel to go altogether. Not at once, anyhow. But we are plainly beginning to move too fast for revolving disks to hold their own stability against the weight of centrifugal force. The rockets we are hurtling into space today—and will certainly be firing on fast freight, passenger, and mail routes through Earth's atmosphere tomorrow—do not depend on wheels but on skids and sleevelike shoes that hold the sleds to the tracks in a zipper-like fashion.

Colonel Stapp was the first human to ride one of the wheelless sleds on which rockets themselves are tested. He has traveled on them as fast as 632 miles per hour. With dummies aboard in his stead, the sleds have gone on up to 2,835 miles per hour. The speed at which rubber tires disintegrate and burn from the heat of friction and at which steel wheels wobble out of control is about 200 miles per hour.

This last year has seen at least two models of wheelless motorcars. Both ride on and are propelled by jets of air two feet or less above the road.

From a philosophical point of view, it is interesting to note that the disappearance of the wheel from high-speed computing devices parallels the wheel's decline as a means of propulsion. In terms of time, the beginning of Colonel Stapp's experiments with the rocket sleds coincides rather closely with the early work of IBM, Sperry-Rand, and other artificial "brain" makers in supplanting "number wheels" with electronic switches for counting.

• • •

J. TUZO WILSON'S study of science in Communist China has stirred us and others up considerably since its appearance in SR/Research for November. It is being translated into a number of foreign languages for syndication in newspapers around the world. Readers have asked us if any scraps of information were snipped out in fitting the manuscript into available space in our columns. If such exist, they say, why not publish a postscript?

Well, several points did come out that may be of interest. One is that Russian military personages who shared Professor Wilson's railway compartment across Siberia got off at modest stations some distance away from the Chinese border. Being an official guest of the Russian and Chinese peoples on a scientific mission, the Professor declined to place any political or strategic interpretation on their departure. But the indication seems clear: There are defense posts in a zone of some depth between Russia and China—a contrast to the unmanned border between the United States and Canada, which may bear thinking about.

A second observation that Professor Wilson made is related to the first. It has to do with the railroad tracks that enter China from Russia. At a distance of a mile or more outside Chinese territory, the Trans-Siberian express on which the Professor was riding stopped. The four through-sleepers

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were shunted to a special siding, lifted off their wheels by an enormous crane, and lowered onto a different set of wheels on a narrower gauge track. Again, Professor Wilson declined to evaluate this halt, which occupied two hours. But it is plain that, although the Chinese and the Russians are closely connected by rail when both want to be connected, it would be impossible to move rolling stock quickly from one country to the other if one of the two did not welcome the move.

• • •

A THOUSAND scientists came together in Washington last month for the Second International Conference on Scientific Information. They discussed the problem of keeping each other informed of new discovery. Most of the talk was about computing machines, and about ways and means of making the machines take over the job of finding and sorting, summarizing and filing data. But one man expressed a doubt. Could it be, he asked, that the real problem was not in the storage but in the scientists?

"There can be no doubt in the mind of anyone dealing with scientific literature," declared Sir Lindor Brown, senior secretary of the Royal Society of London, "that much need never be produced and of that which justifies its appearance 80 per cent could be improved by drastic reduction in length and by clear writing."

How does the stuff come into being then?

"We all know the economic pressures that give rise to this overproduction of sloppy work," Sir Lindor said. "We all know that appointments and promotions depend on quantity rather than quality of work and that much the same criterion is used in assessing the success or otherwise of a research institute or organization."

Did Sir Lindor have a solution? He had. It was "a little simple self denial by the scientists." "Let them publish the results of their work once and once only," he exhorted. "Let us see a well written account appear in one journal instead of *exampli gratia* a cyclostyled laboratory preview, a letter to *Nature*, a paper, a lecture given to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Little Puddlebury and printed in its 'Proceedings,' the verbatim account of a symposium at Sulphur Creek (Colorado), perhaps also a review article ostensibly of the subject but in fact on the author's own work, and finally a rehash of the original paper to save time and trouble in responding to a request for something in the *restschrift* to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversay of the birth of Professor Weissnichtwer."

We cry hurrah for Sir Lindor.

• • •

THE U. S. Public Health Service conference on air pollution in America took place in November along the lines forecast in our Research Frontier last month. The confereers were told that (1) the air is getting dirtier all the time, (2) the air over cities is five times as dirty as the air elsewhere, (3) once a city grows beyond a population of 10,000 it is beyond relief from cleansing breezes, (4) the main culprit in dirtying the air is the ordinary citizen, and (5) people who aren't satisfied to breathe dirty air should either make their wishes known to their political representatives or move into a forest, a desert or a mountainside, where air is clean. Assuming that most people don't want to move, the conference recommended that Congress lift the present $5,000,000-a-year ceiling on tax-spending for research into causes of air pollution, that research not be taken as an excuse for putting off pollution controls, and that the motorcar industry accept its special responsibility for cutting down exhaust fumes which are contributing to cancer of the lung.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

Advanced Programs at Lockheed require Engineers and Scientists to work on

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

5280 TIMES WRONG

PLEASE CHECK YOUR "dispassionate" Science Editor (John Lear)! (*SR*/Research, Nov. 8.) After all the condescendent exoterics by the esoteric, Pioneer climbed only 79,173 *feet* in 27 hours!!

K. E. WALLACH.
Dayton, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Lear pleads guilty to misstating the Pioneer rocket's climb in* feet *instead of* miles. *But he transgressed through omission, not passion.*

KUDO FOR TUZO

J. TUZO WILSON undoubtedly knows that a thermoelectric junction is in no way related to a junction transistor. Perhaps his hurried longhand suffered in transcription, both picture caption and text being inaccurate about the 3-watt (Russian) kerosene thermopile generator.

Some readers may assume such a device is evidence of Chinese ingenuity. Actually, the basic theory is well over a century old.

But Professor Wilson has done a prodigious job in observing. International understanding would be greatly advanced if more attention could be directed to objective reporting like this, by-passing the motivated foreign-barbarian-devil-hater, technical expert and diplomacy expert and religious crusader. Wilson is a real man of The World.

WILLIAM K. FIELDING.
Ware, Mass.

A NOTABLE FIRST

CONGRATULATIONS on the exclusive report on China by J. Tuzo Wilson. Amazing is an inadequate word but must do.

When the *Review* comes, I always do the "Literary Crypt" first; but this time I read the China story first.

H. G. GOOD.
Columbus, Ohio

A WHOP FOR WILSON

J. TUZO WILSON ought to remain in Soviet Russia or China, where, as a member of today's priesthood, he can accept all the "support" he thinks is the scientists' due, but which is so woefully lacking beyond the Soviet Empire.

I'm sure many of the Chinese refugees in Hong Kong would have an opinion about what he calls "similar progress" and "changing China and improving the lot of its people"!

Thanks for contributing further to the Communist cause by publishing such cold-blooded tripe as Mr. Wilson's Red China plug.

DICKINSON WEBER.
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Professor Wilson at no point expressed approval of Communism. He "plugged" only for knowledge of China and judgment based on knowledge rather than on hysteria.*

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A COSMIC CHRISTMAS CAROL

Stars and Katydids, Apes, Frogs and Warble-birds All Sing Herald to a New Man

By GARDNER MURPHY

KATYDIDS, frogs, birds, and men exploit devices by which parts of their bodies vibrate, giving off sweet sounds, perhaps attracting females, showing off, or at least beguiling a swampy or sultry evening. Where does this music come from? Often from the throat. Apes find, however, that drums may augment the body, and preliterate man may accompany the vocal cords with pipes or strings. Some voices, and some strings, sound better than others and, by common consent, the singer and the instrumentalist appear on the scene. So our first conclusion might be that man, to supplement his glottis, has invented vibrating strings; from these in time come harps, pianos, violins.

But while inventing vibrating strings, he has also been inventing the art of playing upon the strings; he invents the process of plucking or rubbing, and of combining the strings with one another and with the voice. He invents partly to please himself, but partly also because other men enjoy it too; Saul wanted to hear David play, and today we gladly pay to watch and listen while a hundred men, to the rhythm of a stick waved in the air, scrape horsehair fibers upon catgut strings or swell their cheeks to push air through brass tubes while deft fingers lengthen or shorten the appropriate air columns.

Do our textbook accounts of the so-called "basic drives" seem able to carry the weight of explaining these

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experiences? Are these experiences merely derivatives, by sublimation or the like, of simple visceral drives or instrumental acts which derive their inherent quality of fulfillment from the fact that they lead into other activities which in themselves bring satisfaction? To Schubert, and to many of us, too, music is not only a preparation for other good things but a good thing in itself.

WHERE, in the course of evolution, did music arise? From the survival of response to tone? From the elaboration of techniques that fulfill the visceral drives? Or perhaps from the elaboration of human experience itself into a new dimension? I think the last of these statements, though excessively vague as it stands, may be a move in the right direction. Let us try, then, to discover something more definite regarding such new dimensions of human experience.

The usual analysis stops before it even makes contact with the problem, for the usual way of thinking anchors the music of the violin at some point in the body—the fingers or the ears or the viscera—whereas the fact seems to be that we make music as much with our brains and our muscles or even, if it be great music, with our scalps, our spines, and our skins. Or it anchors the music in the instrument. Of course the violinist's tone was good, we say, for he played a Stradivarius. But I can make no sounds on a Stradivarius that you would willingly hear. Then, we may say, it is not just the instrument but the virtuoso in relation to the instrument. But this will not serve either, for the instrument and the virtuoso alike represent a phase of human culture in which complicated operations carried out on a hollow wooden instrument with resonating strings have taken on certain rich meanings located neither in the instrument nor in the individual, nor in the relations of the two, but in a complex interpersonal invention known as violin music.

Now my thesis is very simple—and to a reasonable psychologist, very shocking. If it is katydid nature to scrape, frog nature to croak, warbler nature to warble, it is human nature to play the *Air for G-String* on a Stradivarius. To reply that the last named of these is a learned activity whereas the others are innate is not relevant, because the whole question is what sorts of things does any species *tend to learn;* what are the lines of development which it follows when it does what it wants to do?

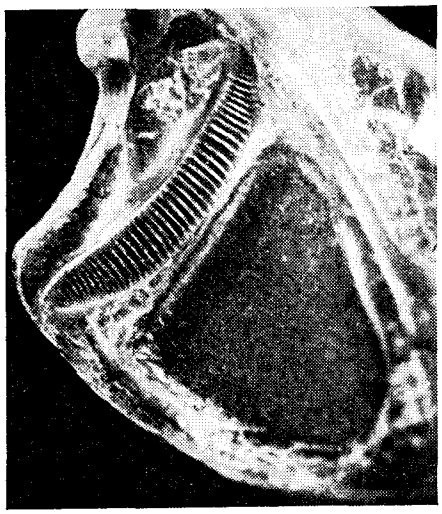
In a physical and physiological analysis of music, Tanneguy De Quenetain reminds us of the old struggle to define the response to music in terms of some very fundamental capacities for rhythmic response and the interaction of different rhythms within the living system. There is provision for a kind of affective language, a language of resonances, which is very much deeper than the language of words.

One can even say that music "means" something that cannot be "symbolized" in words. The "pure" music which, in contrast to "program" music, speaks to us deeply of unnamable things is not, from this point of view, talking meaninglessly. Quite above and beyond its capacity to arouse our martial or tender or lonely or despairing or ecstatic moods, it has a capacity to bring us into touch with certain resonances, certain rhythmic structures, which are inherent in the world. These resonances are as deeply in the world as are the electromagnetic waves that pass through our rooms or through our bodies all the time, of which we are ordinarily not aware until special instruments are devised that enable our bodies to tune in on them.

It is through the sensory mechanisms of the ear, of course, as well as the skin and muscles, that rhythm is conveyed, and it is often necessary for the wide range of environmental rhythms to be stepped down or converted into rhythms which our bodies can pick up through these various senses. The fundamental issue, however, is the fact that, in addition to these, we are discovering peculiar properties which represent basic rhythms of the body not ordinarily triggered into action by such waves. Many rhythms of physical and chemical structure become rhythms within the living system; *e.g.,* action currents in the nerve cells, such as those picked up in the brain by the electroencephalogram.

The rhythmic beating of tissues in resonance to forms of wave activity impressed upon them gives us not only the feeling that man is, so to speak, numerically or numberwise made of the stuff of which his environment is made, but that he is extraordinarily sensitive to modulations of these numbers. If, for example, a subject submits himself to "photic driving," sitting near an instrument which emits flashes of light at various intervals, he reveals his own breaking point, the point at which the rhythm induces a convulsion. If the number is sixteen, he will rapidly lose consciousness as this number of flashes is presented in the standard time interval. Seventeen and fifteen, however, are safe numbers for him. It is not until we get to thirty-two, or other multiples of sixteen, that he breaks. This reminds us of the bridge that can be shaken to pieces by a regiment marching at a given tempo, or of the piano wire or even the glass tumbler that is thrown into a frenzy of sympathetic vibration by a tone which "has its number."

IT remains to be seen how far we may go in catching and trapping wave forms which will convey moving or illuminating or broadening experiences—whatever you wish to call them—new ways of responding meaningfully as well as effectively to the world. It would appear, however, that there are vastly more rhythms about us than we have guessed; and that we respond potentially to a far greater number of them than we had realized: a few (light, sound, etc.) to which we are by nature biologically resonant; a few to which we are nonresponsive (*e.g.,* X-ray); a few more to which our bodies are at present sensitive without our knowing it (*e.g.,* action of cosmic rays on germ-



—Lynwood M. Chace—Audubon.

SEE A HARP, THINK OF AN ANGEL. It's almost axiomatic. In this case, though, it would be wrong. For the instrument pictured above is part of a katydid's wing. The insect rubs the wing with one of its legs and so causes the harp strings to be plucked by a pick attached to the other wing. Awkward? It doesn't really appear so from the posture of the katydid in Paul Orban's sketch on page 45. And Paul drew from an actual photograph of the katydid in song. Who was patient enough to hunt out the katydid and wait for the right moment? Richard B. Fischer, associate professor of rural education at Cornell University, whose Cornell faculty colleague, associate professor Verne N. Rockcastle, photographed the frog that appears in the katydid's company. The ape is there through the courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, and the birds came from the National Audubon Society. It was an Audubon photographer, Lynwood M. Chace, who revealed the katydid's harp to us and thus gave us this opportunity to wish to all photographers and all living things they photograph, to all singers of carols and to those who can't sing—Merry Christmas! —J. L.

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cells). We would seem to be on the threshhold of discovering an unguessable number of new rhythms, extensions of the experience capacity and the activity capacity of human nature.

THE reader is asked to consider the possibility that man is (in a deeper sense than is usually reckoned) a part of the sweep of the cosmos and that his fulfillment is in a sense his realization of certain deeper contacts with cosmic structure than he ordinarily allows himself. Man is not an isolated portion, a little enclave pocketed off from the vast, cold, impersonal trends with which science is ordinarily conceived to deal. I suggest, tentatively and cautiously, that man's fulfillment need not depend upon cosmic forces that are utterly beyond his comprehension or, on the other hand, upon denial of his earthy participation in the stuff of which the world is made. Rather, his fulfillment depends on the fact that quite literally there are often no sharp boundaries between what he is and what the universe is. We are in the process of becoming one with our environment in ever new facets of the process of self-discovery.

Nothing could be more pathetic, glib, and futile than to say of any specific human act, "That's just human nature." The person might in any case do the opposite, and we might with equal glibness say, "That's just human nature." We do not know what human nature is. We have a limited glimpse only of certain historical and social expressions of it, and a few techniques for learning more about it. An attitude becoming a thoughtful, scientifically oriented student of human nature is one of gratitude for the richness of its apparent potentialities, the richness of his contacts with his cosmos, and the hope that more and more may be discovered that is capable of fulfilling and enriching that existence of which we today know so little.

We are, moreover, in the habit of thinking of scientific specialists as achieving more knowledge in order to ward off disease, produce more food, and help man to be more completely man, as he is. It has, however, been dawning upon us that science is doing much more than keeping man as he is. Man and woman today are much taller than man and woman a generation ago—and much healthier. They live longer; they avoid many of the scourges of a few decades ago. Not all the changes are necessarily "for the good." We are in no position to make final value judgments as to what is for the ultimate good or for the ultimate bad, but we are certainly in a position to say that man is not only finding more about how he is made but, intentionally or unintentionally, is changing himself in the process. The potentialities of this process are radically new kinds of human nature.

What is needed now is a readiness for bold, even extravagant, informed and serious guessing as to potentialities utterly different from those that can be extrapolated from man's present and past behavior. Extrapolation is a timid process, usually the wrong method for basic changes.

RAPID innovations in our deeper probings into the structure of our nature as human beings might make possible not only some amelioration in the current world crisis but a series of steps important in the handling of future crises. There is a possibility that a closer look at human nature, its roots, its ways of development, its forms of control, and the directions in which it is now moving may enable thoughtful members of our species to conceive of defining a culture in which such struggles as the cold war will become anachronistic, stupid, self-defeating, and profitless.

No one is nearly wise enough to predict with any confidence which of what possibilities may become an actuality. But it is probable that our actual choices are few. If we cannot maintain a social system in which free science can flourish and the results of the scientist's brain can be made available for the common man, our system cannot successfully compete with those in which science is state-controlled. The civilizations of the future may be classified in terms of their control over the development of science and its application, the liberation of the yen to discovery, and the applications to which creative curiosity is turned.

Who is to control science? Decentralization, or democracy, or at least a high degree of dispersion of controls, has enormous psychological advantages. Surely the question of the ownership and control of the means of production will partly determine whether production will be mainly for use or mainly for profit—and thus answer the question of relative equalitarianism or relatively sharp gradients in the consumption, prestige, and power levels within society. But more important is the question of the ideological atmosphere which must accompany a scientific-technological society.

The scientists, and those close to them who glimpse the possibilities of practical applications, must in every future society stand close to the commanders, the makers, and the distributors and may be subject to their control. The heart of the question is the *direction in which scientific investigation is to be pushed:* the atmosphere affecting the choice of problems to be studied. Science can be pushed in the direction of gaining

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—*Wallace Litwin.*

Gardner Murphy

THIS CHRISTMAS WE SHALL AGAIN hear the familiar "Peace on Earth." But do we honestly think that men who have fought two global wars in less than a quarter of a century and who now live in tension and fear can ever achieve such peace? Dr. Gardner Murphy says emphatically yes. To put the most pessimistic face on it, he points out that we don't know enough about human nature yet to say no. There are too many ways in which we are attuned to the universe, actual physical harmonies between us and the other animals and the stars, that have to be explored before we can say we have tested the limits of our potentialities. One of these harmonies bursts forth in music. In the Cosmic Christmas Carol we present here, an adaptation from his new book, *Human Potentialities* (Basic Books, $6), Dr. Murphy urges his fellow "men of good will" to keep an open mind, shake off conformity, develop the instinct for self-understanding and creation.

Director of research for the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas, for the last six years, Dr. Murphy himself could be a model for this future human. He is best known for his ability to integrate seemingly unrelated ideas and has been called the "Last of the Renaissance Men." His interest in the highly controversial field of extra-sensory perception is an example of his unwillingness to deny anything that may be called a human experience. For a long time he has been involved in experiments pointed toward developing man's perception of himself and his world. Right now Dr. Murphy's major project is an examination of the mechanisms through which man misinterprets his environment and the processes he uses in surmounting such wishful thinking.

Shy at first meeting, Dr. Murphy is, to those who know him better, a warm, quietly humorous man. When relaxed he will sing folk songs or talk about folk music, which he knows and loves. So far as this Cosmic Christmas Carol is concerned, he (and we) would be happy to have you join the chorus.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

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greater understanding of the physical world—through astronomy, for example. Or it may move toward a greater understanding of man—through social psychology, for example. Or it may aim at a greater understanding of the immediate physical environment—through organic chemistry, for example. If all three can grow in balance, we can gain in wisdom as well as technology.

THE obvious moral danger is that we allow the third of these, the immediate practical goal, to overwhelm the first and second, as might occur either through the quest of power, prestige, and material gain, or through a mass concern with comfort and gadgetry, without awareness of the role of understanding.

There have been several dramatic studies of American expenditures for basic scientific discovery as contrasted with those involved in industrial and military expenditures to meet immediate practical problems, and we are certainly on the safe side in saying that the former does not amount to one per cent of the latter. In the flurry of excitement and fear related to Sputnik and its younger siblings now beginning to populate the skies, there has been an increasing recognition that unlimited government and private expenditure on weapons is not likely to meet the real challenge. Even when gauged in terms of the adequacy of guided missiles, the short-range or emergency definition of science is inappropriate. At a much deeper level, survival is defined not only in a race with another power but in a race with all the threats which face humanity. There is no substitute for basic understanding, for the cultivation of all those cultural inventions, such as schools, universities, books, magazines and newspapers, and radio and television programs, which will strengthen humanity's desire to know where it is going.

INDEED, from this point of view, the distinctions among the physical sciences, the biological sciences, and the social sciences with respect to subject matter shrink daily into smaller and smaller compass, and the need for an understanding of the very structure of science itself, as it turns to all these various forms of inquiry, becomes ever more precious and ever more indispensable to life. Instead of the weak and often trivial studies carried on today, for example, with reference to the process of education, there will need to be deeper understanding of the transformation of human nature in the educational process and a deeper and deeper understanding of the nature of the interpersonal relations into which we are educating boys and girls, young men and women, so that they themselves may grasp the sense of participation in a changing social order, and look forward to their own opportunity to take part in the creative reconstruction of society. Even in terms of the reduction of maladjustment in mental disease through a more enlightened use of educational forces, this would repay a thousandfold the investment which men will have to put into it.

If, moreover, it should be inferred that there is just one scientific view of the universe, and that all men must be forced to accept it, many of the purposes of science will be curtailed, and the basic intellectual hungers, as well as the hungers for the things that science produces, will be less and less adequately satisfied. An essential issue is whether free groping into what challenges understanding is to continue. For science, as it takes new forms, generation by generation, will give new forms to other institutions.

SUPPOSE it should turn out that when the issues as to human potentialities are really clear, virtually all human beings would make essentially the same kind of choice regarding the main issues? Suppose it should turn out that the stubborn or even violent conflicts as to the desirable directions of human development arise from insufficient information on relatively simple points? Suppose it should turn out that evidence is already in hand, or can soon be marshalled, to indicate the nature of those societies in which human beings can function relatively well and happily, with evidence that marked deviation from such a mode of fulfillment will continue to cause suffering until the situation is rectified? These suppositions are worth close study.

It does not follow that humanity will choose a conflict-free mode of existence. A certain amount of intrapsychic conflict and a certain amount of interpersonal conflict may, indeed, at times make for a healthier society. But our direct study of persons through psychiatry and psychology, and of societies through anthropology, sociology, and history indicate that this desirable modicum of conflict is frequently exceeded.

OUR primary task would seem to be to find tendencies within the individual person which give intrinsic satisfaction and which do not cause conflict —*i.e.*, fall foul of other tendencies. And if it should turn out that those same tendencies are causes of serenity and effectiveness to individuals and likewise to the group life of which the individual is a part, there would seem to be a strong case to give them their way.

CAN we find any such tendencies in human beings? There are at least two kinds. First, it is apparent that before the specific maternal and sexual forms of love have developed into well-crystallized form, there is a large area of general affection, outgoing warmth, social feeling, generosity, sympathy. These impulses are common in small children and through reciprocity with others they grow stronger yet. A great deal of this basic good will persists, as a context within which more specific affections arise. There is no conflict between this broad matrix of good will and the development of specific maternal interests directed toward an individual child, or erotic or other affectional response directed toward an adult. Erotic love may produce competitive or disruptive consequences, but this does not indicate that the basic reservoir of warmth is in itself disruptive. On the contrary, it often serves as a solvent to the more violent forms of the feeling, such as the possessive and demanding types of love.

IT seems clear that this fund of affection can predispose to (and work well with) an interest in esthetic and creative satisfactions. We can see that this diffuse love pours into love of the form or content of a work of art, or the process of creating, or the fellowship of those working in creating a beautiful thing together. There is a variety of cognitive-affective tendencies of a broad sort which one might call *curiosity* or *interest* in the world as a challenge both to understanding and to esthetic ordering. There is a world of discovery, a world of joy, in understanding, creating, and mastering, which is the basis of science and the arts, which in itself is a basically "good" world of activity. This world, as a matter of fact, is often more real (particularly to young males) than is the world of love just defined. There is no reason why the young scientist or mechanic "should" feel inadequate because he is more devoted to his specimens or his electronic equipment than to humanity at large. If he is *devoted* to them, one may well wonder whether *interest* and *love* are so utterly distinct from one another. They seem to overlap. Sometimes they fuse. They prove not to be in conflict with one another at all but rather to give one another mutual support. Only a studied blindness could make us unaware that it is good for the soul of man to be curious, to be inquiring, to seek answers, just as it is joyful to love persons and to be loved by them.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXXIII

OUR CHIEF GRAVITY INSPECTOR

John Paul Stapp Pokes At Space From A Rocket-Powered Sled

—Astronautics.

THE 12,000 members of the American Rocket Society last month elected as their president for the year 1959 a soft-spoken, mild-mannered, middle-aged officer of the United States Air Force: Col. John Paul Stapp. Being the largest and most influential professional assemblage of rocket and astronautical scientists and engineers in the world, this space-oriented segment of the American people in its actions inevitably reflects the trends of history. The significance of the choosing of Stapp is the choice as leader for the first time of a space medicine man.

Rockets still have many refinements to undergo. But the present state of the rocketry art is such that the human factor is now known to be the determining limitation on further progress. Teetering on the edge of interplanetary space, man must deal with the fact that the strengths and frailties of his own body will fix the timetable of his travel to the Moon, Mars, Venus or the stars. At this juncture, it would be poetic injustice for anyone else but Colonel Stapp to be head rocketeer. For the Colonel was the first man to hurl himself through the air in defiance of the kind of forces that will be encountered in space adventures.

Colonel Stapp has literally been riding on the noses of rockets for the last ten years. It has all happened at ground level, the rocket noses being buried in the tails of sleds that roar over railroad tracks at supersonic speed.

This, you may properly conclude, is doing things the hard way. Colonel Stapp has been doing things that way almost as long as he can remember. Born (in 1910) in Bahia, Brazil, of Southern Baptist missionaries, he was brought up among the Portuguese-speaking teachers and students at the American Baptist College there and spoke no English whatever until his parents returned to this country on furlough when he was six years old. Then they taught him their native tongue simply but effectively: He wasn't fed until he asked for food in English. In one month's time he was speaking English almost as fluently as Portuguese. He had to wait for the family's next home leave to enter high school, at Brownwood, Texas. By 1927, he was a graduate of San Marcos (Texas) Baptist Academy. Though he had made up his mind at an early age to become a doctor (two of his uncles were doctors and a missionary doctor had lived with the family in Brazil), the straitened circumstances of his family made that goal appear beyond immediate reach. Trying for second best, he worked his way (hauling ice and peddling pots and pans from door-to-door) to a B.S. degree in biology and chemistry at Baylor University. The Great Depression, then two years old, offered no encouragement. He struggled on to an M.S. degree, accepting a teaching post at Decatur (Texas) Baptist College in hope of saving enough money to fulfil his old dream of medical practice. Unfortunately, many of the promissory notes he got in lieu of paychecks were never redeemed. He temporized again, this time on a Ph.D. at the University of Texas in Austin, squeezing through the tightest pinches by eating guinea pigs intended for laboratory experiments. The frustrated physician inside him continued so assertive that he wore a hole in the seat of his pants riding buses between Texas and Minnesota, where at last he began to study medicine.

Ironically, it took the most destructive war in history to actually put him into the healing profession. Even then it was done the hard way. At one point (while assigned to Tinker Air Force Base, Oklahoma, in 1946), personnel shortages required him to supervise seventeen dispensaries at once and simultaneously act as flight surgeon, give physical exams to new recruits, and direct the industrial medicine set-up at the base. To maintain this gruelling routine, he put in anywhere from fifty-five to 125 hours work a week. By the time he was transferred to the Aero Medical Laboratory at Wright Field, Ohio, as a project officer in biophysics, in August of 1946, he had personally experienced many marvels of the human body's resilience under punishment. And when Col. Mike Sweeney, another survivor of rough treatment from life, called the then Captain Stapp in to discuss a possible new job, the summons seemed no more than natural.

The Colonel told the Captain that whoever accepted the call would have to be the first human to subject himself to tests in every new experiment with rocket-powered sleds. The Colonel also warned the Captain that the original sled site, Muroc Dry Lake in California, was one of the most desolate spots in America. "Captain Stapp smiled," Colonel Sweeney remembers "He said the situation suited him fine."

Colonel Sweeney had not exaggerated the dismal aspects. Captain Stapp's Muroc command consisted of one 2,000-foot-long stretch of standard-gauge railroad track, precisely aligned to duplicate German buzz-bomb launchings with captured rockets; one rocket-driven sled (the Gee Whizz) to ride the track; one ramshackle house for test animals, with no animals in it; and seven employes of the Northrup Aircraft Company, which had laid the track and built the sled jointly with Aerojet-General Corporation, a rocket maker.

AFTER using dummies for passengers on thirty-four sled runs, the Captain was ready for tests with chimpanzees. Weeks passed, however, and the chimps did not arrive. So, on 10 December 1947, Stapp clambered onto the sled seat himself, strapped himself down with a simple shoulder harness and a lap belt, and ordered the one rocket in the sled's rear to be touched off. He shot along the track at ninety miles an hour, ending the run with nothing worse than some stiff muscles. On the following day, he tried a sled propelled by three rockets. It got up to 180 miles an hour and stopped with a deceleration force of 10 g's, or ten times the pull of gravity. Again the Captain's reactions were too slight to merit consideration as a medical problem. He left the sled on that second day persuaded that, contrary to then generally accepted belief that the human body could not take more than 18 g's, even 35 g's would be "no sweat." Accordingly, after strengthening the harnesses further and thickening the

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padding on the back of the sled seat, he exposed himself to five more g's on every second ride until he was experiencing 35 g's. He reported a slight dizziness, blurred vision, and a body full of bruises. "Otherwise," as he put it: "Suffered no ill effects." But when word of his exploits got back to Aero Medical Lab headquarters at Wright Field, Stapp was "grounded" for risking human life (his own) before experimenting with animals.

The restraining order was lifted, he felt, after animal tests the next year proved that the sled runs he had survived were within the limits of human endurance. Consequently, by that time Colonel Stapp sandwiched a ride for himself between the rides of the animals. For it he received a formal reprimand, which provoked him to go to Wright Field to argue the importance of continuing to collect human data as rapidly as possible. He returned to Muroc with permission to ride the rocket sleds again, provided that he would hold the deceleration down to 18 g's. "Fortunately," he recalls with a tongue-in-cheek grin, "the Northrup people were, shall we say, having trouble with instrumentation. They were obtaining readings of half value. I managed to get up to 40 g's before the error was corrected."

During that "fortunate" period, the Colonel broke his right wrist twice, cracked a couple of ribs, lost the fillings from some of his teeth, suffered moderate degrees of brain concussion and several eye hemorrhages.

The Muroc phase of the Stapp career ended on June 6, 1951, with a sled run that subjected him to deceleration forces of more than 46 g's. He had clearly established that human tolerance to sudden concussion was actually higher than the structural tolerance of aircraft. The Colonel's experiments likewise convinced the Air Force that plane passengers stood a better chance of surviving crashes when facing backwards; since then Air Force transports have had rearward-facing passenger seats. Suppose, however, that jet pilots should have to bail out while flying at supersonic speed; how could they be protected against deceleration *and windblast*?

To answer that question, Northrup designed some new sleds to Colonel Stapp's specifications, including bucket-brakes that acted by scooping up tons of water. The Colonel tested these on a 3,500-foot-long track at Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico. There, on the morning of 10 December 1954, he became "the fastest man on Earth."

The sled he rode on that occasion looked, someone has since remarked, "like a shoebox with a seat." Not actually set upon the rails, it was held in position by steel legs ending in grips which clutched the track lightly enough to allow the weight above to slide along with a minimum of friction.

The Colonel sat with his legs strapped tightly together above and below the knees, his wrists lashed to the strap above the knees. Another strap was pulled tight against his chest. A helmet was over his head, adjusted to his shoulders, with a guard clamped under his chin. A rubber mouthpiece held the teeth of his upper and lower jaws apart.

Within five seconds after the nine rockets of the sled pusher ignited, the sled was traveling 632 miles an hour. For half a second it coasted. Then the bucket brakes dug into the water between the rails at the far end of the track. The sled stopped just a shade later than one second afterward.

WHAT did it feel like?

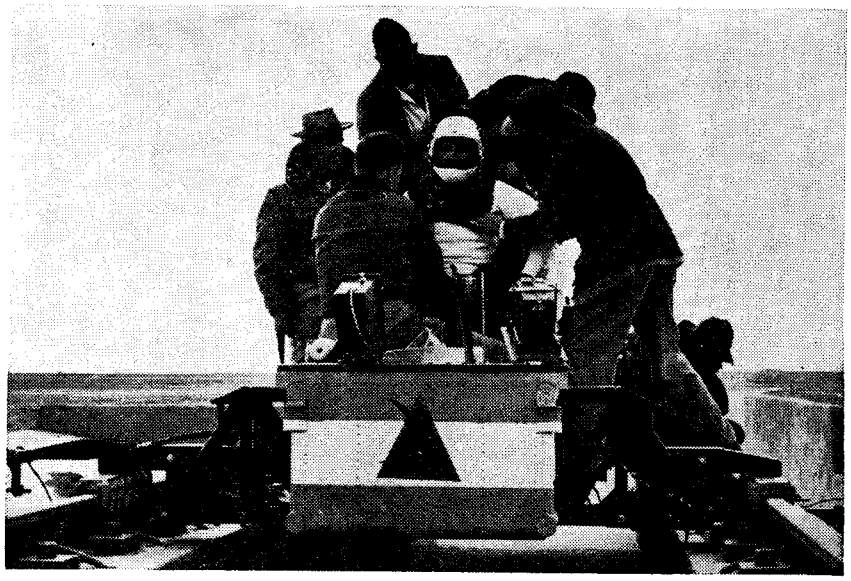
"As though your eyes are being pulled out of your head," the Colonel said. "Vision becomes a shimmering, salmon colored field with no images." When the sled stopped, "I lifted my eyelids with my fingers, but couldn't see a thing." He felt a tinge of fear—had his sight gone? After a minute or two he could see big specks. A few minutes more, and blue sky and clouds came into view. Then he saw one of the surgeons wiggling his fingers and was able to count them. He was not blind. But they put him in the hospital and left him there for five days.

Spectacles adorn the Colonel's moon-face today in compensation for the eye injuries. Along with the punishment has come a trunkful of honors (The Legion of Merit and the Commander's Order of the Legion, and awards from the National Air Council, the American Rocket Society, the Aero Medical Association, and the Association of Military Surgeons) and promotion to chief of the Aero Medical Laboratory. Out of this lab are sure to come many of the systems needed to assure man's survival in space.

A year ago the Colonel took time off to marry Lilli Lanase, a prima ballerina with the Ballet Theatre of New York. In their new home in Dayton, Ohio, a hi-fi set is going all the time (a persistent punster, Stapp says "People who don't like Mozart should go into Haydn"). His pretty wife praises him as a great photographer (his collection of color shots of rocket sled runs is outstanding), a great cook (with the experience of forty-eight years of bachelorhood behind him), a better than competent do-it-yourselfer, and (she swears it) an accomplished poet.

In a recent scientific paper the Colonel ventured the opinion that man can endure the accelerations anticipated for attaining orbital or escape velocity in present 3-stage rocket vehicles as well as the prolonged exposure to low acceleration required for re-entry into Earth's atmosphere. "However," he added, "he is scarcely likely to enjoy either of these ordeals until the design and operation of space vehicles advances to the point where parameters of human effectiveness are complied with." When these parameters are arranged geometrically, they look remarkably like Colonel John Paul Stapp.

—IRWIN HERSEY.



—*Astronautics.*

Col. Stapp (in white helmet), about to obey his motto: "Don't be misled by Kakorrhaphiophobia into osphresiolagnia." (English translation: "Don't be misled by an exaggerated fear of failure into believing that everything stinks.")

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

VENUS WAS THE FIRST MOVIE STAR

One of the Sultry Planet's Flirtations With the Sun Started the Flicker Craze

AN image on the human retina remains unchanged for a period of one-twentieth to one-tenth of a second, depending on the object's colour, shape, and distance from the eye. This phenomenon of persistence of vision must have been noticed by prehistoric men. When a stick with lighted or glowing end is whirled rapidly in a circle, a luminous and continuous path is seen. In Ptolemy's second book on optics, written about A.D. 130, he remarks that if a sector of a disk be coloured, then the whole disk appears of that colour if rapidly revolved. Others discussed persistence of vision: Alhazen in the eleventh century, Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth, and later Newton and Boyle —all from a theoretical point of view. The first to apply this phenomenon and use it in a philosophical toy was an English doctor, J. A. Paris, who in 1826 described his "thaumatrope" or "wonder-turner." A small cardboard disk, having different images on each surface, was suspended between two pieces of silk; these threads, held between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, were rapidly turned, thus spinning the card. The result was that the two images appeared simultaneously. From this achievement it was but a short step to produce the illusion of motion by looking at a sequence of drawings passing rapidly in and out of the field of view.

The achievement of this illusion was the one and only fundamental discovery in the field of cinematography. Both J. A. F. Plateau, a blind Belgian physicist, and S. von Stampfer, an Austrian geologist, succeeded in 1832 in demonstrating their solution. Disks with a varying number of slots at their periphery were spun in front of a mirror; at the centre of each disk was a series of drawings each progressively different from its neighbor, yet, when viewed through the slots, fusing into a moving whole. These spinning wheels have been called "magic disks," fantascopes, phenakistiscopes, and stroboscopes. Two years later, W. G. Horner, an Englishman, improved the design by placing the drawings on a ribbon inside a slotted horizontal wheel and thus made it possible for several people, instead of a single viewer, to enjoy the entertainment. This was the so-called zoetrope or wheel-of-life. In 1839, W. H. Fox Talbot in England, and L. J. M. Daguerre in France, announced practical photographic processes, yet it took another thirty-five years to combine photography and these primitive moving pictures.

Let us now turn briefly back to 1645, two years after Louis XIV began his reign in France, and four years before Charles I was executed in England. At that time there lived in Rome a German Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher (1601-80), who was professor of mathematics at the Collègio Romano. A scholar of many attainments, he was the first to project a picture on to a screen. His apparatus was crude, yet contained all the essentials; a source of light with a reflector behind and a lens in front of it, a painted glass slide, and a screen. His audience was astonished, somewhat perturbed, and talked of black magic. Undismayed, he published his experiments, and they have never been forgotten. Throughout the next two centuries, improved versions of his "magic" lantern were used to entertain and even to instruct. Of the many who developed his idea, P. van Musschenbrock (1692-1761) deserves mention here; in 1736 he was able to introduce motion on the screen by using a stationary slide as background and a moving one as a foreground, thus producing an effect miraculous for that period.

By 1850 the time was ripe for a synthesis of Kircher's magic lantern and the rotating disks of Plateau and von Stampfer, thus achieving projection of moving pictures. An Austrian artillery officer, Baron F. von Uchatius (1811-81), was the first, in 1853, to publish a successful solution. He was asked to develop a method for military instruction that would show moving pictures to a large audience. Uchatius first solved this problem by making projection on to a screen through a rotating glass slide, a rotating shutter, and a fixed lens. His second, and improved, version contained a rotating light-source, fixed slides, and a series of slightly inclined lenses whose optical axes met on the centre of the screen. The limited number of consecutive drawings that could be put on one slide did not allow a projection period longer than thirty seconds. . . .

Many other incidental improvements were required before one can speak of cinematography proper. . . . One important date was 1868, the year J. W. Hyatt invented celluloid while seeking a substitute for ivory in making billiard balls. J. Clerk Maxwell, famous for his contribution to the mathematics of electro-magnetic waves, substituted concave lenses for slots in the zeotrope in 1869. In the following year, J. P. Bourbouze, a French scientist, used the first moving pictures to demonstrate to his students the action of pistons, pumps, and compressors. . . .

By 1870, then, it had become possible to view moving pictures painted on glass slides, and also to project photographs on to a screen. No one, however, had as yet taken a series of photographs in order to dissect a consecutive movement into its constituent fractions; this step is an essential preliminary to their synthesis and reproduction as lifelike movement.

FOR 8 December 1874, an extremely rare astronomical event was predicted: a transit of Venus across the Sun. To record it permanently, P. J. C. Janssen (1824-1907), director of the Meudon observatory near Paris, designed and used the first apparatus that photographed consecutive phases of a single movement. He was guided by Plateau's magic disks, and simply reversed the process. He placed a circular plate, covered with a photographic emulsion, behind another disk, perforated by radial slits. The two disks were moved intermittently by a clockwork mechanism, and the complete apparatus was attached to the eye-piece of his astronomical telescope, focused by means of a heliostat on the Sun. Thus the first "film" was made, showing clearly to this day, in forty-eight consecutive pictures recorded on the same photographic emulsion, the slow movement of Venus across the Sun.

—ANTHONY R. MICHAELIS,
in "A History of Technology, Vol. V"
edited by Charles Singer
(Oxford U. Press, $26.90)

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—The Rockefeller Institute.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Away from an intelligent concern about what we eat? It might seem so to a layman who can view only the surface of happenings. Ten years have passed since the last of the known vitamins was discovered, and the paucity of new information uncovered during that time has discouraged many scientists. Men who were proud to call themselves nutritionists in the past are now retreating behind labels like biochemistry, physiology, or the history of medicine. One of the most famous nutrition schools in America—at Yale University—is closing shop. The decline has become so serious, in fact, that the New York Academy of Medicine is sponsoring a conference on December 13th at Arden House by the Hudson River to debate ways and means of stopping it. Co-sponsors are the Nutrition Foundation, Inc., Research Corporation—Williams Waterman Fund, E. R.*

By HOWARD SCHNEIDER
(The Rockefeller Institute)

TEN years have passed since discovery of vitamin B_{12}, the last vitamin to be recognized and identified in human nutrition. In some quarters, knowledgeable people have been saying, "Nutrition is dead; the day of the vitamins is over." Are we now to concern ourselves only with quantitation of the elements of a closed science? Or have we failed to organize and penetrate fully the theoretical aspect of nutrition, so that we do not yet understand how to be about our business?

I am of the strong opinion that the rate of new discovery has slowed because of the facts of evolution. It seems to me that in an inquiry into the influence of nutrition in any given animal species we are in the grip of the cross-section of evolutionary time in which we find ourselves. For example, all men have eyes, if they have them at all, in the front of their heads and not in the back, useful as that might be. I would think poorly of a nutrition research project which announced that it was attempting, through a change in man's nutritional environment, to relocate the eyes to the back of the head. But this is at one extreme, completely beyond our capacity to alter. At the other extreme of the evolutionary continuum, man may be completely plastic and totally nutritionally dependent. Or, in still other respects, he may be somewhere between the extremes.

I believe that nutrition succeeded in its revolution of the early 1940's because it was exploring, all unaware, the ready-made and apprehensible problems of the deficiency diseases, the problem of the "complete synthetic diet," and a few biological characters which, evolution-wise, were completely nutritionally dependent. Perhaps the list of vitamins seemingly came to an end in the 1940's because nutrition had run head-on into a collision with the science of genetics and found genetics there "fustest with the mostest."

A very clear instance of what I mean was the work on scurvy. The choice of the guinea pig as an experimental animal was dictated by the genetic fact that, as we now know, among mammals only three species—guinea pigs, monkeys, and men—are in need of eating ascorbic acid. Nutritional experimentation with any other animal, so far as we know now, performed with all zeal and technical skill, would not have led to the experimental production of scurvy and the recognition of ascorbic acid as the antiscorbutic vitamin. Clearly, there is no novelty here. It is the implication which has been neglected, with a consequent impoverishment of theory. The implication is that we must take cognizance of the role of genotype not only between species but also *within* species. Thus within an animal species popularly used for nutritional experimentation—such as rats, chickens, or mice—we must expect that in our samples of these species we shall encounter suitable genotypes and unsuitable, nutritionally unplastic, genotypes.

The differences I have in mind are not the quantitative differences in the "knowns" that Roger Williams argues for when he stresses biochemical and nutritional individuality, which has long been recognized by the geneticist. What I *am* suggesting is that intraspecific differences in the biological characters which excite our interest may have their chemical basis in some as yet unrecognized qualitatively novel systems.

Let us assume, to be general, that some here unspecified biological character of animal life excites our interest and that it is observed to vary in a population of these animals. Let us further assume that, being human, we render a value-judgment on this character: we prize it in its greatest magnitude, and we are less than satisfied when it is exhibited in a lesser magnitude. For example, we might thus prize longevity, resistance to infectious disease, resistance to the induction of cancer, or what not. Even the direction of our choice is not important and might well be reversed; for example, we might prize lower blood cholesterol or lower blood pressure. The important point is that we are confronted with variation, and we wish to arrange variation to suit our ends.

First, temporarily at least, we should be geneticists and ask for an estimate of the role of genetics in the particular character and, as far as possible, for a description of the particular genetic control exerted. This information will make it possible for us to list the number of genotypes in which we can expect our chosen character to appear in some measurable way. This information is the very information that the geneticist would now use to manipulate the character in *his* way. By directed matings, he would bring to the fore the character he thus set out to produce. But in human affairs, this operation of directed matings may be denied to us. *Our* goal is to manipulate the nutritional environment and, most importantly, as human society is now constructed, to take advantage of society's permissiveness in this regard.

OUR attention should be directed first to the geneticist's estimates of variation attributable to environmental sources. Those genotypes in which this variation is maximal sometimes present him with his greatest problems of genetic inference and are the very ones which the nutritionist—an environmentalist—should seize to begin *his* analysis. Frequently, in analyzing genetic data in human populations, he finds it necessary to invoke the phenomenon of "penetrance" in order to bring some intelligible order into his studies. In a given instance, a gene con-

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. . . to what extent are we what we eat?

Squibb and Son, and the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Henry Wallace, Fairfield Osborn, Prof. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins, and Dr. Howard Schneider of Rockefeller Institute will be among the famous guests. The optimist in the company will be Dr. Schneider, who rejects the notion that nutrition is a shrinking study.

Soundly schooled under the late Prof. E. B. Hart at Wisconsin University, Dr. Schneider did his Rockefeller Institute apprenticeship in the laboratory of one of America's great experimental epidemiologists, the late Dr. Leslie T. Webster, who had spent twenty years proving that resistance to particular diseases is inherited. Young Schneider, using the same strains of purebred mice that either threw off or succumbed to infections, tried out different diets to determine whether nutritional changes would change the experimental results. The change being nil at the end of three years, he abandoned the purebred mice and turned instead to mice that were genetically "a mess." And with these mice he discovered that in a conglomerate population like theirs (comparable to human populations), some inherited defects can be compensated for by selected diet. Below, in a shortened version of a paper originally published in the autumn 1958 issue of Perspectives in Biology and Medicine, *he describes the frontier that Rockefeller Institute president Dr. Detlev Bronk has encouraged him to explore in the Institute's new Department of Ecology.*

trolling some biological character is 70 per cent "penetrant." This means that, in spite of its putative presence in 100 per cent of the instances inspected, the phenotypic character diagnostic of the gene's action appears in only 70 per cent of such instances. The "missing" 30 per cent is attributed in genetic theory to a failure to "penetrate" to expression and is ascribed to "the residual genome" (meaning all the rest of the genes in the organism) *and to the environment.*

WITH this description of the degree of penetrance, the geneticist rightly considers his task finished. He can do no more. This, he says, is the way things are. And he is inclined to put on his coat and go home. It is right here that the nutritionist must first work, to find not the sweeping effects he unwittingly exploited in the first nutritional revolution but the more modest, statistically measured, effects he must be satisfied with.

In this new stage his plan is now a clear one. He will return to the historic tradition and search the world of natural foodstuffs for qualitatively novel compounds to affect, by plethora, the issue which he has found somewhat cramped by the lessened plasticity of a genetically determined framework. What can he expect to find? First, a lot of hard work. He will need sources of these new hypothetical vitamin-like compounds. Where will he find them? And, even when found, these sources may not be particularly rich ones. So his assay method will have to be as statistically sensitive as he can make it.

"This is a program! What makes you think it can succeed?"

The answer is that it has silently and unconsciously succeeded in the past. For an example, I direct your attention to the problem of human rickets. At the turn of the century some clinicians in Europe were persuaded that rickets was a familial disease; there were families tending to have rachitic children, and other families, in similar geographical and economic circumstances, had children who escaped the disease. Today we know that vitamin D prevents rickets. Does that mean that the evidence for a familial influence not explicable on environmental grounds was in error? Not at all! What it does mean is that in the modern environment, with increased amounts of vitamin D, the genetic aspect of rickets becomes not false but trivial. An ocean of vitamin D has covered the peaks and valleys of the genetic landscape, and what once were important differences are now all equally submerged.

As an example of how the theoretical outlook here presented is working now, I draw on my own uncompleted work on nutrition and natural resistance to infectious disease. The model used has been that of mouse salmonellosis, or mouse "typhoid."

The natural resistance of mice to salmonellosis can be shown to be of genetic control. Homozygous (genetically identical) stocks of resistant and susceptible mice are known, have been described genetically, and are in our hands. When such mice were used to test for nutritional, qualitatively novel, vitamin-like compounds in foods, which would increase resistance to salmonellosis, no such compounds could be detected. However, when an exogamous genetically heterogeneous stock of mice was used, a slight (25 per cent) increase in resistance was detected when the food contained certain samples of wheat. In this genetic heterogeneity, then, there still remains some plasticity to the nutritional world. From such small effects a trail has led to the recognition and concentration of what is a novel, organic, vitamin-like compound which can enhance the natural resistance of mice to Salmonella infection to any degree demonstrated, provided that we are prepared to squander the increasing amounts of our precious concentrates that increasing protection demands. Interestingly, the amounts of this compound necessary to bring about a change from 10 per cent survivorship to 90 per cent survivorship are still below the amount of vitamins which are in the test diets. We haven't yet determined what the compound is, but it must be powerful.

ANOTHER mouse disease is the closest thing we have to a biological model of multiple sclerosis in humans. It is called allergic encephalomyelitis. We have been experimenting with the environment in which this disease occurs, and we find that susceptibility of homozygous genotypes is 100 per cent when the animals are fed a stock laboratory diet of fox chow pellets, whole wheat bread, and milk. When the same mice are shifted to another diet containing a minimal list of vitamins adequate for growth and maintenance, the susceptibility to allergic encephalomyelitis goes down to 15 per cent. But when the new diet is supplemented with biotin folic acid and vitamin B_{12}, the susceptibility rises back up to 70 per cent. So we are plainly not dealing with a simple matter of progressively effective additions to the diet but with variations in fine detail.

If we pay the price of construction of such qualitatively new environments, nutritional mastery of the problem is ours. It is a price, be it remarked, which must be paid and repaid endlessly, for this is euthenics, not eugenics. Having once learned to construct new environments, and enjoy the results, we are not likely to abandon them but to assume their cost from here on. That is true of many of the vitamins, but the burden does not seem unbearable.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

TV vs. Beethoven—Schwarzkopf, Nikolaidi, Bolet

THERE is no obligation for this department to comment on a TV program which happens to contain portions of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony but, also, no inclination to ignore the crassness and poor taste with which these portions were recently presented on CBS-TV in the name of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Leonard Bernstein, who commented and conducted, did not mention that the date of the tape-recording (November 24) followed, immediately, four performances in as many days of the same work with the same orchestra, soloists, and chorus under the direction of Herbert von Karajan, who thus merited at least half the credit for its preparation.

On the other hand, the discredit for permitting movements one and two, three and four to be separated by filmed commercials utilizing non-Beethoven background music for an automobile sales pitch was basically his. And there was another barely after the last notes of the "Ode to Joy" had stopped sounding—prior to which Bernstein had implored his listeners to do nothing for twenty minutes but listen to Beethoven. In the circumstances, the verbal discourse about "atomic" pressure in the first movement, "How can Beethoven top *that*?" (after the scherzo), "What bliss!" in the *middle* of the music during the slow movement, was so much lip-service. How much the TV audience learned from Bernstein's comments I couldn't evaluate, but the fact is they haven't heard the work yet. To set something up as "the most famous piece of music in the world," and then allow it to be manhandled as it was, reaches beyond any rational explanation. Those who underwrote this well-meaning venture in the name of TV "education" need better guidance or different material. As a final fact, the sound from the CBS studio was decidedly poor.

A CHOICE between the Vivaldi, Handel, Schubert, and Strauss of Elena Nikolaidi in Town Hall and the Purcell, Martini, Schumann, and Strauss of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in Carnegie Hall would, ordinarily, turn on no more than a whim. However, Miss Schwarzkopf's late-evening Strauss included a group of three youthful songs recently re-discovered, and so the early attention went to Miss Nikolaidi in Town Hall.

The option couldn't have been more fortunate had it been arrived at by divination. From her opening "Dille ch'il viver mio" of Vivaldi, in which Miss Nikolaidi traced a sure line of distinction between a descending E flat, D, C sequence and a following E flat, D flat, C, she was vocally "on," guiding her warm, lustrous sound with the musical intelligence and emotional resource which have always been hers, in good vocal times and bad. Handel's "Va godendo, vezzoso e bello," with a climaxing A, was also soundly sung, on the way to performances of Schubert's "Das Lied im Grünen" and "Die junge Nonne" that were fully formed, vocally, and deeply felt. In such mood Miss Nikolaidi is an artist worthy of all consideration, including the artful accompaniments of Paul Ulanowsky.

Measured by her Schumann group (and succeeding encores by Brahms and Schubert) before her Strauss and Wolf, Miss Schwarzkopf's effectiveness related no little to the vocal character of her material. For the breadth of "Die schoene Fremde," her sound was veiled and tremulous, but she followed it with a beautiful "Nussbaum" and an atmospheric "Auftraege." In the Strauss songs—dating from 1883, the year of "Zueignung" and "Allerseelen"—Miss Schwarzkopf was vocally well-cast, with results that made them sound as familiar and lovable as the later, well-known "Ruhe, meine Seele." Of the three, "Die erwachte Rose" seemed most immediately attractive, but "Rote Rosen" and "Begegnung" have the same shape of mastery. George Reeves was the fluent pianist, though some phrases in "Auftraege" were blurred.

JOHN LA MONTAINE has produced a new solution to an old problem in writing a concerto for Jorge Bolet and orchestra which had its first New York performance at a recent concert of the National Symphony under Howard Mitchell's direction in Carnegie Hall. What it might sound like in other circumstances, only other circumstances can establish; but with the muscular Bolet at the keyboard controls it soared, circled, glided, and banked like a well-constructed mechanism. There were some suggestions of stalling in the finale, but sufficient momentum to prevent a crash landing.

If the first movement has something other to say than "This is a piano concerto," it was not immediately apparent. It goes about this purpose sincerely and with straightforward attention to virtuoso business—sometimes, in a pseudo-musical manner akin to the pseudo-literary comment in the program: "The piano then begins quietly the cadenza." The piano begins slowly the slow movement, which has feeling and dignity, and quickly the finale. This strives for a summation in the manner of Rachmaninoff, but doesn't succeed. Whenever it reverted to being a concerto for Jorge Bolet and orchestra, it had the strong interest of this performer's virile manner.

The orchestra showed its adjustment to another musical manner in a shapely, well-considered playing of Mozart's "Haffner" symphony (No. 35). The strings in particular performed with distinction in a score which calls for as much individual command as one of Mozart's violin concerti in the same key. Mitchell's musicality and poise also communicated themselves in the flowing contours of the slow movement and a spirited dash through the finale.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN's survey of American music resumed with a performance by the Philharmonic of Edgard Varese's "Arcana," which, like any other work of this French-born, fully-formed musician prior to naturalization, is debatably American. However, he has provided fuel, at least, for the musical melting pot, though most of the heat has communicated itself to the exponents, elsewhere, of *musique concrète*. In contrast with its first performances thirty years ago, this reconsideration involved no contest of musical sense vs. nonsense, merely the more basic one of entertainment vs. boredom. It went on a bit long for most attention spans, but the shrewd abstract thinking in sound which underlies it was brilliantly delineated in Bernstein's easily masterful leadership.

Another kind of historical perspective was provided in Vladimir Ashkenazy's performance as soloist in the Prokofieff G minor concerto. The warmly poetic impulse that animated the young Soviet pianist's performance might have been even better applied to one of the Rachmaninoff concerti which lurk in the background of its best pages. An unduly slow tempo for the opening movement tended to overstate its sentiment, and his fleetness of hand lacks the incisiveness of sound to project the emergent personality of Prokofieff elsewhere. The larger view, relative to Ashkenazy,

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Sagittarius

December

"Music is...the speech of angels" (*Thomas Carlyle*) ...and ANGEL RECORDS speak so well for you at Christmas! (*They're more than a gift; they're a compliment.*)

KLEMPERER CONDUCTS BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY NO. 9 "Choral"

The Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus.
Soloists: Hans Hotter, Aase Nordmo Loevberg, Christa Ludwig, Waldemar Kmentt.

Here it is..."Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!" (*With a kiss to all the world*)...the eagerly-awaited recording of Beethoven's great Ninth Symphony, conducted by Otto Klemperer.

Last year, Klemperer conducted the same orchestra and soloists at London's Festival Hall in a performance of the 9th which had critics saying "Klemperer's visionary grasp and control...carry the listener along a stream of sublime music" (*London Times*).

Now, the recording! "That this is a great performance—*among the greatest ever put on record*—seems to be unquestionable! ...Klemperer has touched new heights and revealed new evidence of divine grace" (*Gramophone, London*). (*Illustrated brochure with notes and texts*)

Also: "***Egmont,***" Incidental Music. Soloist: Birgit Nilsson.
Angel Album 3577 B

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Igor KETZKI Conducts All-Tchaikovsky Program

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Recorded with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Kletzki's Angel recordings (with the Israel Philharmonic and the Philharmonia) *introduced* him to American audiences. This year, he arrived in person. After a phenomenally successful "conducting tour," he was appointed conductor of the Dallas Symphony. **Angel 35621**

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Highlights of *Rigoletto*, taken from Angel's previously released complete official *La Scala* recording, which "has just about everything that even the most ardent admirer of the opera could want" (*United Press*). More particularly, it has Maria Callas as Gilda ("the Callas trill is comparable to Destinn's"—*N. Y. Times*) ...Giuseppe di Stefano..."one of his best recorded performances"—*N.Y. Herald Tribune*)...Tito Gobbi ("the performance is made outstanding by Gobbi in title role"—*Nation*). Tullio Serafin conducts La Scala Orchestra and Chorus. **Angel 35518**
(*The Complete La Scala Rigoletto with the same cast is on Angel Album 3537—5s/L*)

[illegible] sings Opera

Scenes from OTELLO (Verdi) • FAUST (Gounod)
CARMEN (Bizet) • PEARL FISHERS (Bizet)
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BIRGIT NILSSON and HANS HOTTER sing WAGNER

Excerpts from Die Walküre and The Flying Dutchman

In her London debut as Brünnhilde (*Götterdämmerung*) at Covent Garden, Birgit Nilsson was termed "the great thing of the evening...she sang superbly" (Critic Ernest Newman). Of Hans Hotter, a *real bass-baritone* and one of the few in the world, Howard Taubman (*N. Y. Times*) said, "He makes Wotan every inch a god." Here Soprano Nilsson and Baritone Hotter sing the "first meeting" duet from Act II, Scene 3, *Flying Dutchman;* and the entire Finale from Act III, *Die Walküre*. With Philharmonia Orchestra, Leopold Ludwig, Conductor. **Angel 35585**

ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF sings OPERETTA

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The Critics' Choice for 1958

THIS being the year in which stereo came out of the laboratory and into the living room (some, at least), it seemed reasonable to utilize the annual Critics' Poll to find out where one representative group of listeners stands on the subject. Of the sixty-five critics who responded to the poll's leading question, about 50 per cent (32) reported they had equipment for playing stereo records: another 25 per cent (16) answered in the negative but said they intended to be so equipped within a three-to-four month period: and the others (16) didn't have the equipment and didn't intend to get it (one said "not unless forced to").

Question two posed this query: "On the basis of what you have heard, is it your impression that stereo records are: a) a great improvement; b) some improvement, c) no real improvement on good monophonic lps?" As might be expected, the highest evaluation of stereo results came from those who were most familiar with it —that is to say, those *with* the equipment. Eighteen of these considered it a "great improvement" (some qualified their views by saying it could be any of the things noted as a, b, and c, but found the best a "great improvement"). Ten deemed it some improvement, and three didn't consider it any "real improvement."

Of those in category two (unequipped but with intentions), two thought it a "great improvement," nine termed it "some improvement," and four were in the "no real improvement" group. Among those firmly without intentions, ten thought it "some improvement" with two in each of the other divisions. Inasmuch as eight did not choose to evaluate stereo at all, the totals worked out to: Twenty "a great improvement"; twenty-eight: "some improvement," and nine: "no real improvement."

To a query about "chronic problems" in stereo equipment or records, the answers (mostly, of course, from those with home equipment to work with) ranged from "None" to half a dozen—accounted for, no doubt, by the quality of the equipment in use. In relation to equipment, a recurrent complaint concerned "hum" from the amplifier, or a cartridge that didn't track consistently (the first might result from improper placement, the second from either insufficient pressure or a defective stylus): in regard to discs, a complaint about insufficient bass plus an implication, from several, that some manufacturers were producing imitation ("phony") stereo from monaural tapes.

Turning to more customary phases of critic-quizzing, it will hardly come as a surprise that the name most mentioned in the responses—thirty times—was that of Van Cliburn. Either in the category of "outstanding new artist" or for his recording of the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1 with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Kiril Kondrashin (when he was named twice on the same ballot it counted, of course, only as one mention) Cliburn—one wag spelled him Kliburn—was designated by Jack Loughner of the *San Francisco News,* Clifford Gessler of the *Oakland Tribune,* F. Gunby Rule of the *Knoxville News-Sentinel,* Julius Sturm of the *Tallahassee Democrat,* Earl Sands of the *Tampa Tribune,* Robert C. Marsh of the *Chicago Sun Times,* Dom Cerulli of *Down Beat,* Col. L. R. Boals of the *Youngstown Vindicator,* J. Barrett Hopkins of *Records of the Month* (Ardmore, Pa.), Martin Bookspan of the *Jewish Advocate* (Boston, Mass.), Roger Dettmer of the *Chicago American,* Sim Myers of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune,* E. Reinhold Rogers, Jr., of the *Clearwater Sun* (Clearwater, Fla.), James Cortese of the *Commercial Appeal* (Memphis, Tenn.), Frank Arganbright of the *Journal and Courier* (Lafayette, Ind.), Ray LaRocque of the *Sunday Telegram* (Worcester, Mass.), Conrad B. Harrison of the *Deseret News* (Salt Lake City, Utah), Leonard Mendlowitz of the *Sun-Telegraph* (Pittsburgh, Pa.), E. Clyde Whitlock of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram,* Clyde B. Neibarger of the Kansas City *Star,* Edward Ireland of the *Miami News,* Lily May Caldwell of the *Birmingham News,* Ephraim Kahn of *Army Times,* and several others. He was, clearly, just as strongly resisted by another half of the poll's participants; shades of opinion are as strong among critics as among others.

As Roger Dettmer of the *Chicago American* notes, in his "General Comments": "It becomes increasingly more difficult to pick a best . . . record . . . many outstanding discs cannot be singled out for special praise and attention. Also conditioning response, of course, are one's individual musical preferences. . . ." The latter point is especially well taken, for your Mahler - Bach - Brahms - Moussorgsky man is not likely to have as high an evaluation of opera and vocal music as the Ponchielli, Puccini, or Massenet enthusiast. RECORDINGS recognizes this, and conducts the poll in a spirit of inquiry and curiosity.

Withal, it is the more remarkable that Decca's "Play of Daniel," a reconstruction of a twelfth-century "mystery," was remembered by more respondents than any other single non-Cliburn album. Among those who rated it a favorite in one of several categories (vocal, chamber music, miscellaneous) were Warner Twyford of the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot,* Walter F. Greuninger of *Consumer Bulletin,* Rena C. Holtkamp of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* Albert Goldberg of the *Los Angeles Times,* Ann Holmes of the *Houston Chronicle,* Oscar S. Glasberg of the *Post Exchange Magazine,* Leo Lerman of *Mademoiselle,* John C. Acord, III., of the *Daily Oklahoman* (Oklahoma City, Okla.), Paul Hume of the *Washington Post,* Edwin Miller of *Seventeen,* Douglas Watt of the New York *Daily News,* Donald D. Key of the *Cedar Rapids Gazette,* Joseph Gale of the *Music and Arts Magazine* (Elizabeth, N.J.), and several identified as Cliburn endorsers, to a total of seventeen.

In the conventional orchestral literature, the most favor accrued to

THE CRITICS PREFER:

Concerto: Tchaikovsky No. 1; Van Cliburn, piano; Kiril Kondrashin conducting (RCA Victor).

Opera: "Madama Butterfly"; Anna Moffo, Cesare Valetti, Rosalind Elias, etc. Erich Leinsdorf conducting (RCA Victor).

Chamber Music: "The Play of Daniel" —Noah Greenberg conducting the New York Pro Musica, with soloists and chorus (Decca).

Piano Music: Beethoven: "Diabelli" Variations; Rudolf Serkin, piano (Columbia).

Solo Vocal: Moussorgsky: Songs; Boris Christoff, bass (Angel).

Orchestral: Mahler: Symphony No. 2; Bruno Walter (Columbia).

Most Commendable Enterprise: "Great Recordings of the Century" (Angel).

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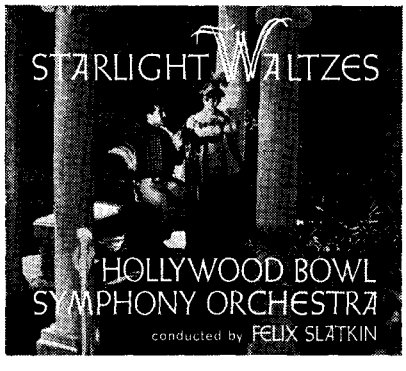

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the Bruno Walter treatment of Mahler's Symphony No. 2, with fourteen partisans, among them Paul Affelder of the *Newark News,* Ann Rush of the *Journal and Sentinel* (Winston-Salem, N. C.), William Peeples of the *Louisville Times,* Milton Berliner of the *Washington News,* Robert Riley of the *Beverly Hills Citizen,* and Nell Lawson of the *Buffalo Evening News.* The only other orchestral enterprise to poll half a dozen or more votes was the "Salomon" symphonies of Haydn as conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, a new release which impressed seven writers, including Hilmar Grondahl of the *Oregonian* (Portland, Ore.). Four or five of the Reiner-Chicago recordings were mentioned more than once, likewise Klemperer's Brahms series, the Schubert C major by George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra, and the Beethoven "Pastorale" of Bruno Walter.

No single opera captivated mass critical fancy this year, with the most mentions accruing to the Moffo-Leinsdorf "Madama Butterfly." It was preferred by eleven, including Delos Smith of *United Press International,* Benjamin H. Doroff of the *Syracuse Post-Standard,* Thomas P. Sherman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* Cyrus Durgin of the *Boston Globe,* and Oscar Smith of the *Akron Beacon Journal.* How records can spread the appeal of works otherwise little known is shown in the runners-up to "Butterfly": Samuel Barber's "Vanessa" with nine votes, among them those of Ruth Tripp of the *Providence Journal-Bulletin* and Larry Devine of the *Salt Lake Tribune,* and Maria Luigi Cherubini's "Medea" with Maria Meneghini Callas, whose eighttime, favor began—more or less inevitably—with John Rosenfield of the *Dallas Morning News,* and was shared by Jerry Krupnick of the *Newark Star Ledger.*

Those who think of the phonograph and the recording as more than a diversion are mindful of the effort that has gone into several large scale, minimally commercial ventures—Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" and Deutsche Grammophon's "Archives" series, issued here by Decca. Each was mentioned half a dozen times, with Angel drawing approval from Roland Gelatt of *High Fidelity,* James G. Deane of the *Washington Star,* and Herbert Kupferberg of the *New York Herald-Tribune.* Tredson Bowers's (*Richmond Times-Dispatch*) vote for the Archives series was joined by those of Arthur Darnack of the *Cincinnati Enquirer,* Edward Halline of the *Milwaukee Sentinel,* and Arden X. Pangborn of the *Oregon Journal* (Portland, Oregon), among others.

The award for Miss Cross Section of 1958 goes to Nancy Miller of the *El Paso Times,* who not only joins in the acclaim for such generally favored issues as "Vanessa," "Medea," the Moffo-Leinsdorf "Butterfly" and the Bruno Walter Mahler No. 2, but also leads a group of nine who give a place of prominence to Boris Christoff's complete edition of the Moussorgsky songs for Angel. Speaking from her post close to the border, Miss Miller adds the comment: "Stereo has put us into another state of flux, but it appears to be a healthy one. Some ears are getting so educated, they no longer put up with live performances."

INASMUCH as four or five mentions in a poll of this kind connotes more than casual impact on the critical attention, it would be unfair to deprive those who made such an impact of their just reward. Leonie Rysanek's collection of arias was in that area noted especially by Paul H. Little of the San Francisco *Bay Window,* likewise Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, whose Schubert songs are singled out by Stella Mills of the *Portland* (Maine) *Sunday Telegram,* among others. E. Power Biggs found a friend in Chester Santor of *Radio-Electronics* for one set, and with Roland Gelatt for another, each of them echoed by voices from elsewhere. Rudolf Serkin's recording of the "Diabelli" variations of Beethoven appeared in half a dozen lists.

The invitation for critics to air opinions and comments with or without attribution produced a freer flow of ideas than for some time past: "Why was such a work as the George Rochberg symphony not recorded? It drew a set of impressive notices in New York and Philadelphia," queries one. "Records are better than ever, but for the first time in twenty-five years of collecting I am genuinely shocked and worried over the numerous and rapid withdrawals from the catalogue of fine items," says another. "Too many records become 'unavailable' too quick," states a third. "Business is business, but sixty Beethoven Fifths are altogether too many," in the opinion of one of the best known music men in the country. In short, "commercial pressures are gradually limiting the repertory field of recording. The complete catalogue and the fast buck are dominant influences, except, now and again, when somebody will take a risk: usually, I think, a small company with a tape picked up in Europe, perhaps cheaply." Finally, from a California friend whose opinion will be shared by all the participants: "Music critics are overworked." —I. K.

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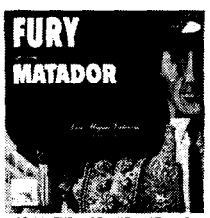

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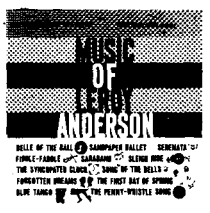

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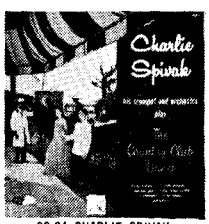

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Recordings Reports: Pop and Jazz Vocals

SINGER, SONGS, DATA	REPORT
"The Fanny Brice Story." Kaye Ballard with orchestra conducted by Leroy Holmes. M-G-M E3704, $3.98. "I'm an Indian," "Rose of Washington Sq.," "Becky Is Back at the Ballet," etc.	Those whose memories are jogged by the matter at the left (or such further items as "Oh How I Hate That Fellow Nathan," "The Sheik of Avenue B," "Second Hand Rose," and, of course "Mon Homme") will readily agree that Kaye Ballard has rendered a service in putting it back in circulation, with so much relevant spirit. (Hers is a broader, less insinuating style than Brice's, but apt enough, for all that). To others, the laughs should be even easier, for this kind of material doesn't exist any longer.
Mae Barnes, with Buck Clayton, trumpet, Jo Jones, drums, A. Bell, bass, Ray Bryant and Ray Tunia, piano. Vanguard VSD 2016, $5.98. "S'Wonderful," "Blues in My Heart," "They Raided the Joint," "Summertime," etc.	In the days of vaudeville, Mae Barnes would be known to a larger audience than she reaches in such places as the Greenwich Village "Bon Soir," but this record should take care of that. An exuberant personality, Miss Barnes brings something of the quality of the younger Ethel Waters to her varied fare, which includes, in addition to the items mentioned, "Paris Is My Old Kentucky Home," a racy "Old Man River," "True Blue Lou," and the more somber "Willow Weep for Me." And considering the community quality of "Summertime," with Clayton's preaching trumpet and the Jones beat, even the authors might forgive her liberties. First class stereo.
Nat Cole: "St. Louis Blues." With orchestra conducted by Nelson Riddle. Capitol SW 993, $5.98. "Harlem Blues," "Chantez les Bas," "Stay," "Beale St. Blues," "Careless Love," etc. Nat Cole. "The Very Thought of You." With Gordon Jenkins orchestra. Capitol W1084, $4.98. "But Beautiful," "Impossible," "I Wish I Knew," "I Found a Million Dollar Baby," "Paradise," etc.	As is well-established, Nat Cole is one of the most ingratiating singers who ever cleared a throat, and when he is working with such material as the film resume of W. C. Handy's life permitted, the aces are back to back. In the stereo version of the soundtrack which has just appeared, he is suave and minstrelsy on "Careless Love" and "Stay," but practically irresistible in "Chantez les Bas." Also included are "Morning Star," "Memphis Blues," "Yellow Dog Blues," and, of course, the title tune. In the collection with Jenkins arrangements the echo chamber makes it sound as if Cole were recorded some 4 A.M. in the Grand Central Station. As a result the "effects" give him an Ecksteinish throb which devalues his own personality. Too many strings, too, for this taste, and also an unwarranted proportion of indifferent tunes: "Magnificent Obsession," "This Is All I Ask," "Cherie, I Love You," and "Cherchez La Femme" among others.
Chris Connor, with large orchestra conducted by Ralph Burns, jazz groups including John Lewis, Oscar Pettiford, Connie Kay, Zoot Sims, Al Young, etc. "I Get a Kick Out of You," "Get Out of Town," "Where Are You," etc. Atlantic 1228, $4.98.	A stereo version of a Chris Connor collection which was originally issued some months ago and adds to the impressive list of discs which has given Atlantic leadership among those who have applied the new techniques to jazz. The Connor quality is constant whatever the kind of background it is projected against, and, for that whatever material momentarily serves her purpose. Rhythm and articulation are in strong supply with her, but the vocal quality strikes me as dull, her choice of embellishing notes something to which a good melody like "Get Out of Town" should not be exposed. Frequently the backgrounds (in the jazz groups) sound as if everybody were so busy with his own part he wasn't listening to the others.
Fisher, Eddie: with Hugo Winterhalter's Orchestra. Camden CAL 447, $1.98. "Heart," "Count Your Blessings," "Dungaree Doll," "At Sundown," "Fanny," etc.	"When, in some distant year, Hollywood gets around to making the life story of Eddie Fisher," the back-of-the-sleeve comment begins "some of the . . . critics may comment that, as usual, the movies are not being realistic." Presumably this relates to the pre-"Now I Am a Man" phase of the Fisher saga, melodically represented in this omnibus reissue by such inspirational sentiments as "You've Got to Have Heart" (how many?), "Count Your Blessings" and "Remember." Boy troubadour style, with a suitably prophetic finish on "A Little Bit Independent."
Helen Humes, with Red Norvo. RCA Victor LPM 1729, $3.98. "Britt's Blues," "The Night Is Blue," "Shed No Tears," "Easy on the Eye," "Just a Mood," "I Sing the Blues," "Sunrise Blues."	Predominantly this is a Red Norvo record, and a choice one, but the reappearance of Helen Humes after too long an absence shows that the promising singer of the 1938-42 Basie band has developed into a blues vocalist of penetrating fervor ("Shed No Tears" and "I Sing the Blues"). The backgrounds are of two sorts: a series with a sextet including Ben Webster, Harry Edison, Bill Douglass and Jimmy Rowles, and another group with twelve men beginning with Rowles on piano, and Willie Smith on alto varying reed solos with Harold Land on tenor. In either case, the Norvo taste and musicianship pervades all the sound, whether he is performing or merely calling the solos. Harry Edison's solo on "Easy on the Eye" followed by Red's own typifies the kind of jazz that makes sense as well as sound.
Peggy Lee, with Jack Marshall orchestra. Capitol T1049, $3.98. "It's a Wonderful World," "Things Are Swingin'," "Well All Right," "Ridin' High," "It's Been a Long, Long Time," etc.	Having given up the one-style approach to pop singing, Miss Lee shows that she has more than ample resource to deal with the dozen tunes in this collection. Some of them, like "Things Are Swingin'," "Lullaby in Rhythm," and "I'm Beginning to See the Light" profit from her good rhythmic feeling. The quieter ones, such as "Alone Together," tend to be a little bland. Excellent arrangements by Marshall, and first class playing by an ensemble that deserves better than anonymity (especially the pianist, who has a Stacy-like flair for background figures).
Jane Morgan: "Great Songs from Great Shows." Orchestra directed by Marty Gold. Kapp LP 5006, $3.98. Jane Morgan: "The Day the Rains Came." Kapp KL 1105, $3.98.	Twenty-five scores running chronologically from "The Merry Widow" to "Bells Are Ringing" provide the thirty tunes which Miss Morgan intones with unvarying facility, whether it is V. Herbert's "Toyland" or Frank Loesser's "Bushel and a Peck." Unlike many of her singing sisters who make do with a scanty technical equipment, Miss Morgan can spin a phrase with ample breath, and even turn on volume enough for "You'll Never Walk Alone." But it is a little monochromatic for extended listening, for which reasons the occasional two-piano interludes by Bragg and Weed are welcome. Kapp Records rate compliments for the stereo version, which shows a real sense of the broadening possible with these resources, and the enriching effect of depth. "The Day the Rains Came" is a separate collection of pop material sung with unvarying competence, but with too little personal flavor.
Ruth Olay, with Bill Hitchcock orchestra. "Coffee Time," "It's Been a Long Time," "Supper Time," etc. Zephyr ZP 12004, $3.98.	Quiet torching typifies Miss Olay's manner in these all-"time" favorites—in more than an advertising sense—for in addition to the titles noted, the list includes "Better Luck Next Time," "Bidin' My Time," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "As Time Goes By," "Every Time We Say Goodbye" etc. An unusual combination of vocal quality and articulation should take Miss Olay far. The Hitchcock arrangements are ingenious and unostentatious save where he indulges in some distracting repetitions. —I. K.

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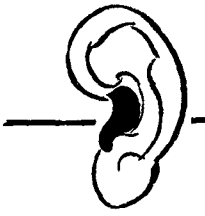

EARMARKS

Noel, Anyone?

At exactly this moment every year, Christmas bursts. What's for music? What's for music on records? Well, the Capitol people might not get an O for originality, but they're on the side of Christmas. This is lavishly demonstrated in a series of LP's, all bearing the common prefix-title, "Christmas in . . .," followed by the somewhere that we're supposed to be in: "Austria" (Capitol T10164, same price for each, $3.98); "Cuba" (T10165); "Portugal" (T10166); "Australia" (T10167); "Brazil" (T10168), and "Poland" (T10198). There may be more in the series—the gap in release number sequences might indicate this—but the countries named are all that came by here.

Beginning in Austria, the *Wiener Sängerknaben*, or Vienna Boys Choir, brings the listener as close to the *echt* tradition of Austrian and German *Weihnachtslieder* as it is possible to be. The thirty boys start off authoritatively with "O Tannenbaum" (known in New Orleans as "Maryland, My Maryland") and proceed unerringly through a repertoire that is classic. It includes, among others, "Es Ist Ein Ros' Entsprungen," of Praetorius; "O Jesulein Süss," of J. S. Bach (enriched with a lovely, slightly quavery solo by a little boy who bites into his syllables as if they were sugar plums), and "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," of Gruber and Mohr. On the second side, a group of anonymous but relatively well known songs of the season is to be heard.

"Christmas in Cuba" was recorded in Havana, and all performances are credited to Fernando Albuerne and the Coro de Madrigalistas, although other groups make brief appearances. Evergreens and snow and sleighbells don't figure in Cuban celebrations; so the music gathers fractured borrowings from many sources; American popular favorites, South American dance tunes, Spanish holiday music. Gruber and Mohr, who are hard to keep from appearing in any collection, are luminously represented by "*Noche de Paz*" ("Stille Nacht"). Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" comes out as "Blancas Navidades," but even that doesn't make it sound as far from Crosby as Havana is from Hollywood. The record is entertaining as a true-enough capsule of popular Christmas music from Havana, although certain of its more obvious commercialisms suggest that Santa Claus got sidetracked at the Casino.

"Christmas in Portugal" was recorded in Lisbon by a number of vocal groups—*Coro Salesiano de Mogofores, Coro Polyphonia, Rancho des Ceifeiros de Cuba, Trio Odemira*—and one soloist, Carlos Ramos. As in Cuba, there is a blending of influences. Some of these have by now settled into such universal patterns of song that whatever brashness may have been resulting from the Cubans' absolute lack of resistance to all influences has been ironed into a smoother, more cohesive "Christmas" styling. The music is predominantly tender and appealing; "Natal," as sung by the *Coro Polyphonia,* is lilting and joyous. "Noite Santa, Noite Silentiosa" can be heard again, this time as sung to a tinkling accompaniment of bells by the Trio Odemira.

Coming after Portugal and Cuba, Australia sounds sedate and portly, but perhaps that can be put down to the order in which the various Christmas offerings were auditioned. Anyway, it removes the listener abruptly from the lyric and personal Iberian expressions, and sets him back down again in the occidental aural atmosphere of the large choral group and booming church organ. The Australian Broadcasting Corporation's Adelaide Chorus, directed by Norman Chinner,

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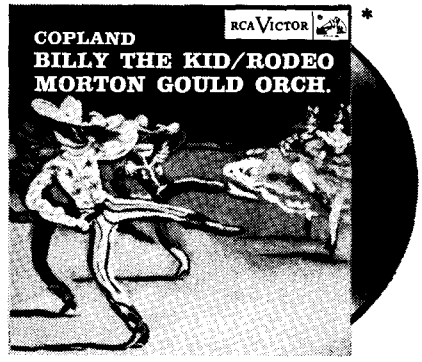
and the Hurlstone Choral Society (no director listed) present a cozy repertoire of Christmas-sounding songs that are totally unfamiliar in this country, at least as expressions of Christmas joys.

This column's nomination for the all-time, definitive, final recording of "Jingle Bells" occurs in the "Christmas in Brazil" LP of the Capitol collection. It is sung in Portuguese, to the accompaniment of what sounds like a tropicalized electric organ, by the Côro Das Meninas de Casa de Lazaro, or, if a loose translation may be forgiven, The Chorus of Little Ones of the House of Lazarus—in other words, a group of girls living in an orphanage. They are not trained singers, and their lapses on other parts of the record leave something to be desired. But they understand "Jingle Bells" as profoundly as it is ever to be understood, and for this they deserve a place of honor in the history of all our Christmases, white or otherwise. They, too, sing "Silent Night" ("Noite Feliz"), and their brief run-through of "O Tannenbaum" comes closer to New Orleans than to Vienna. It swings.

Swinging along with those Brazilian girls are the songs in Polish by the Schola Cantorum of S. S. Cyril and Methodius Seminary—at least for one side of "Christmas in Poland," with its medley of thirteen *pastoralki*. These are songs for Christmas dancing, and as such are separated from the church songs, or *kolendy*, to be heard on the second side of this LP. Band three of side two presents a medley of songs related to *kolendy*, but pulling away from them a bit in that the gayer rhythms are, as with the *pastoralki*, suited for dancing and fun. The group is conducted by Rev. Henry A. Waraksa. Altogether, they present an engaging and polished summary of choral Christmas music from Poland.

The worthy intent of "Christmas Songs from Many Lands" (Folkways FC7750, $5.95) as collected and sung by Alan Mills, was to skip many of the usual carols known to every one and in their place to gather and present songs from the Christmas traditions of all countries that were "nonetheless interesting and beautiful." Mr. Mills has succeeded in carrying out his plan, and his bouquet of 25 carols and game songs from fifteen countries is a treasure. "The Friendly Beasts," a "stable" carol of the twelfth century (England), "Shepherdess, Oh Tell Me" (France), and an alternate melody to "O Christmas Tree" (or "Tannenbaum," Germany) are among the joys to be found here. Yet much as all these things are admirable, and conceding that Mills does a very likeable



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job, there is still too much of one singer. This has to be balanced against the unlikely possibility that many of these songs will ever be heard generally, or recorded on any other label.

"Christmas Songs of Spain" and "Ukrainian Christmas Songs" (Folkways FP 836, 828, $4.25 each) are from recordings taken by Laura Boulton in Canada (Ukrainian) and Spain. The Ukrainian material, although undeniably authentic, does not carry the same conviction (possibly because its singers are transplanted) as does the Spanish collection, which reveals moments of simple, lyric song beauty that derive in many instances from passionate identification of singers with the Christ Child and Mary.

"Christmas with the Salvation Army" (Westminster WP 6096, $3.98) is not, as its title might imply, a documentary recording depicting the good works of that organization. Rather, the good works are allowed to shine through rousing musical statements made by the Salvation Army New York Staff Band and Male Chorus. The band is conducted by Major Richard E. Holz, and the chorus by Assistant Bandmaster Captain Vernon Post.

The Staff Band is an all brass organization, if we except its snare and bass drums, and a stunning one. There are medleys of favorite Christmas tunes; a paraphrase of "Silent Night"; and a group of carols, including "Deck the Halls" and "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen." "Cantique de Noël" is built around a mellifluous euphonium solo, and Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" is made brighter by the flügelhorn. —FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

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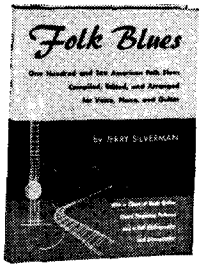

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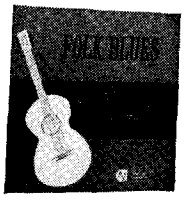

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ROZSA: *"Concerto for String Orchestra," Op. 17.* RIETI: *"Dance Variations for String Orchestra, Carlos Surinach conducting the MGM Orchestra,* MGM E 3565, $3.98.

IN PERFORMANCES expertly conducted by Carlos Surinach, the MGM String Orchestra performs two new works by Hungarian-born Miklos Rozsa and Egyptian-born (of Italian parents) Vittorio Rieti. As most New York musicians know, this string ensemble is an agglomeration more specifically called a "pick up" group of some of the finest players in the city. And they perform well indeed. The sound on this particular disc is happily more reverberant and live than that of many other recent MGM recordings. Composer Miklos Rozsa has won fame and distinction for many movie scores. But he is none the less a highly skilled and significant symphonic composer.

His "Concerto for String Orchestra" was written without any cinematic intention, though it might adapt itself admirably as music for one of the TV productions that crib bits and pieces of contemporary music (sans credit to the composer), and combine them into a bastardized version of a proper score. This does not mean this is not a good work, for it is, though not a great one. Architecturally it is finely wrought, though content-wise it is weak. The slow movement which harkens back to Hungarian soil—mixed with some of Southern California—is a quite poignant piece, and the attractive melodic lines are perfectly suited to string treatment. The concluding movement speaks with an even more pronounced Hungarian accent, though Rozsa specifically disclaims use of any folk material here.

Rieti's "Dance Variations" are pleasant in an agreeably old-fashioned manner. This is music of excellent craftsmanship. It is music, too, of rules. It has no particular accent, and while it says nothing that has not been said before, Rieti obviously feels that it is an important thing to say it again. And it probably is. Even Goethe said so! In sum total the work has charm and the world of music invariably finds room for pleasing works. There is not an overabundance of them, after all. With splendid regard for sonority and balance, as well as sensitive care for line coupled with rhythmic buoyancy, Carlos Surinach conducts both of these works as one would treat the greatest of masterworks and turns in a splendid performance. —OLIVER DANIEL.

Re: Composer's Concept series

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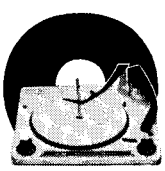

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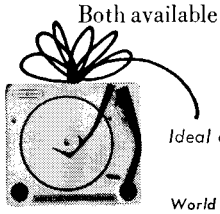

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 55

would be that he has a magnificent pianistic resource to go with his truly poetic flair. How they will balance out ten years hence, no one could presently predict. Also heard were a Vivaldi concerto in C for two mandolins and orchestra, and a rather overwrought performance of Schumann's D minor symphony, dedicated to the memory of the late Artur Rodzinski, who was responsible for Bernstein's original affiliation with the Philharmonic.

"FLEDERMAUS" at the Metropolitan always brings with it recollections of the stimulation Rudolf Bing introduced to the theatre in his first season with Eugene Ormandy's rousing direction of the music, Garson Kanin's bright staging, and the colorful settings of Rolf Gerard. Its latest recurrence lacked all of these save the settings of Gerard, no longer so colorful and beginning to fray. John Brownlee's accession to the rank of stage director followed in the footsteps of Kanin to the point where that firm personality put his foot down against operatic action and individual inclination. However, Brownlee's directorial toes were constantly being trod upon by distortions of emphasis by individuals and ensemble.

Erich Leinsdorf's musical leadership doted on such "scholarly" touches as an accordion in the interpolated playing of "Tales from the Vienna Woods" (for balletic purposes), but substituted neatness for *brio* and a mechanical beat for the ebb and flow, give and take wanted in this melodic masterpiece. Johann Strauss is at ease in any garment but the rhythmic straitjacket imposed on him by the non-flexible beat of Leinsdorf. In the *circumstances*, the light touch of Theodor Uppman's Eisenstein and the good spirit of Frank Guarerra's Falke (he vocalizes the music better than any local predecessor) went for less than they might have otherwise. Cesare Valletti was allowed to make a caricature of Alfred (will there ever be another as good as Richard Tucker?), Hilde Gueden's Rosalinda is brassy and self-centered, Roberta Peter's Adele neither funny nor well-sung, and Blanche Thebom's Orlofsky heavily overdrawn. John Butler devised a showy ballet for the ball scene, with Lupe Serano and Jacques d'Amboise as guest dancers. It was above the Metropolitan's recent average, but without much relevance to the music utilized.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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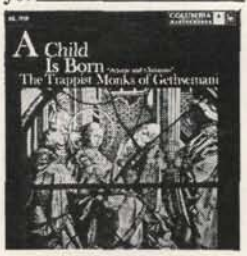

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Your record shop right now is a store-full of dazzling, new Columbia albums—more wonderful sounding, more wonderful to give than ever before. And this Christmas the majority are available in two versions: Guaranteed High Fidelity—for thrilling performances on hi-fi *or* stereo phonographs, and new Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity—for the ultimate in listening with stereo phonographs. Whichever you give, you give the finest, made with the engineering skill of the greatest name in sound.

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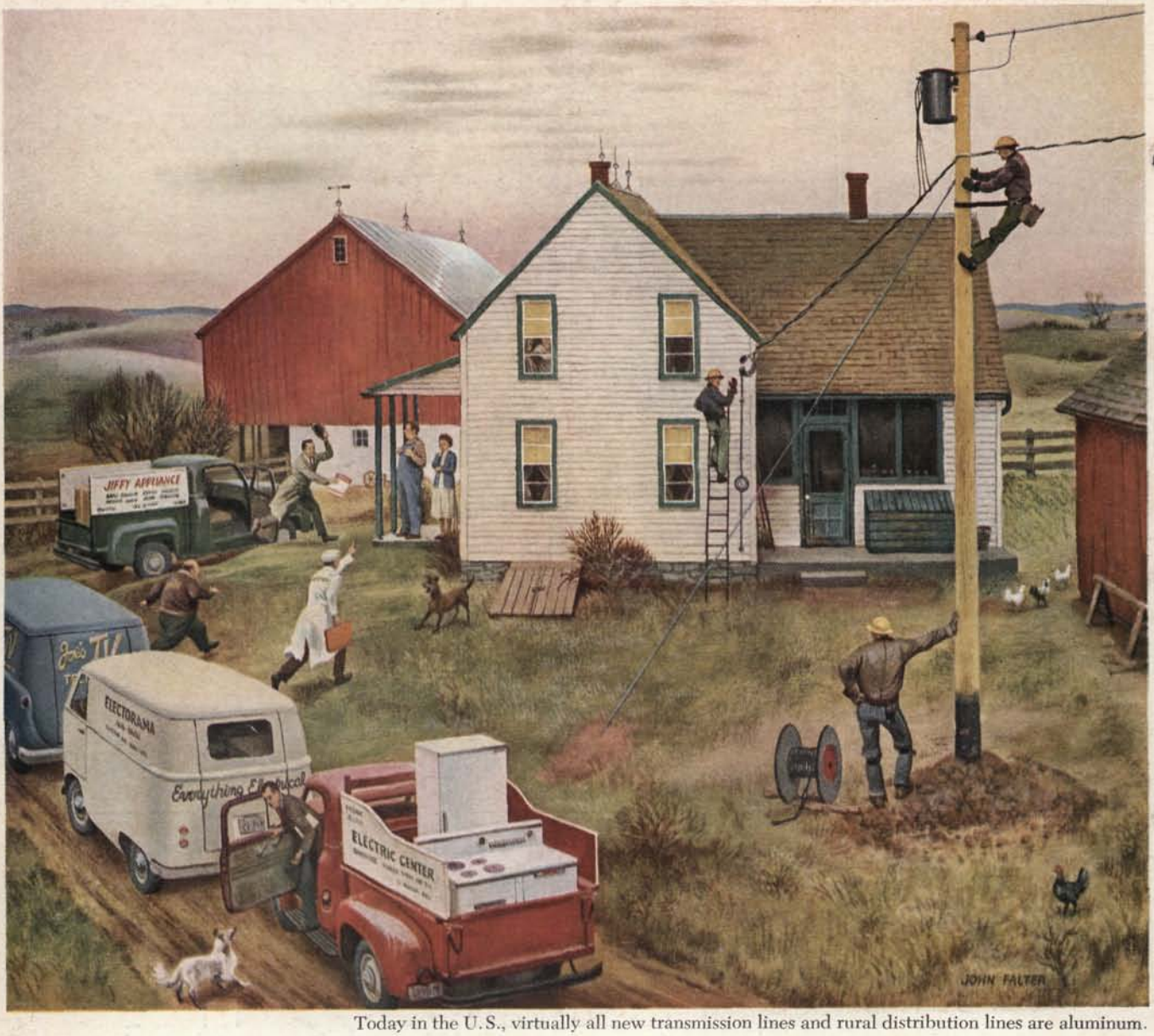

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In the electric power business, the big switch is to aluminum

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